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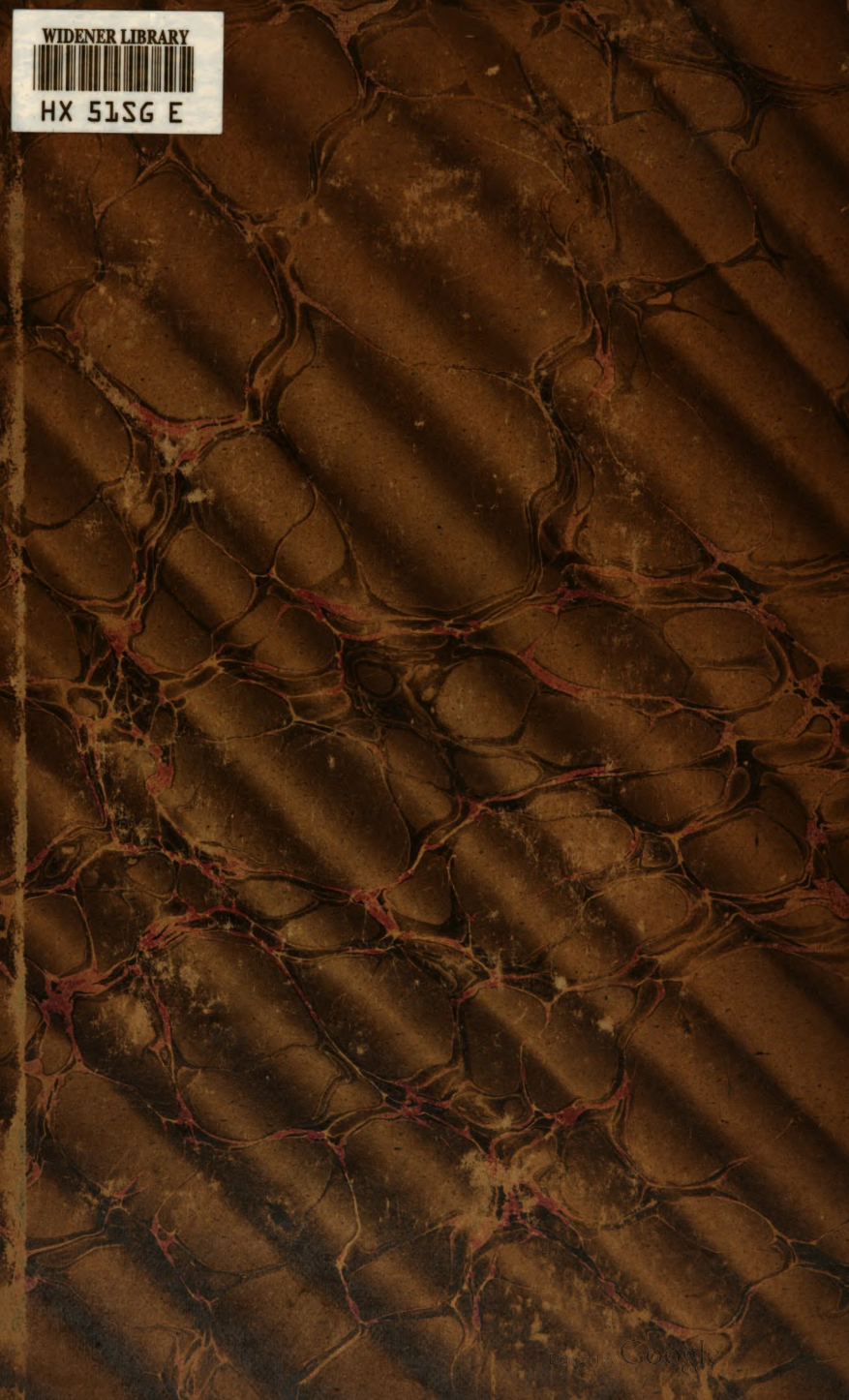
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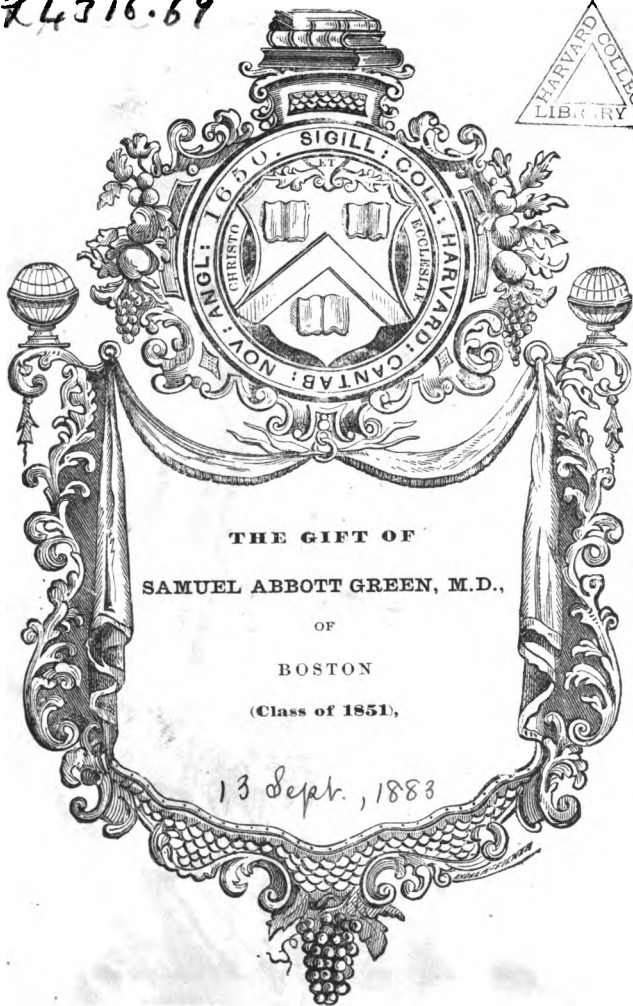
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THE  
GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM

ACCORDING TO  
HOLY MEN OF OLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"SAMSON, A MYTH STORY OF THE SUN."

VOL. II.

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## PREFACE.

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Beginning with the "Revelations of St. John," one of the oldest books of the New Testament, we conclude this second volume with the opening chapters of Matthew and Luke.

The Aryan, the Biblical, and the Norse mythologies, are essentially one in their personifications of the forces and aspects of Nature, which enter into all the ancient religions. The physical, the moral and spiritual, made a trinity in the Godhead bodily, or the Word made flesh. The Norse-tree Ygdrasil with its Serpent is in the same category as the Eden-tree of Knowledge and of life, whose leaves healed the nations when transplanted to the New Jerusalem. Modern researches are rapidly showing the common basis of all the old theologies, in which the Sun, as the centre, was the Saviour or Redeemer of man. One of the latest works in this direction is "The Keys of the Creeds."





# THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM.

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## XIII.

The Woman, Esdras saw, and John as well,  
With Eagle's wings spread over earth and hell,  
Was the same Woman in the wet and dry  
Who spake in language of the mystery.

God, dove-like brooding, Christian creeds  
believe,

Fomented the Great Mother to conceive—  
The same great Woman clothèd with the Sun,  
And both begotten when the world begun,  
And ever manifest upon the sky  
As one with Day-spring and with the Most High,  
Earth seems a heaven where the Gods may  
dwell,

Ere in the darkness they descend to hell,  
And in the role of day and night appears,  
For seasons and for days and circling years,  
Each various sign to speak as I ordain,  
Who is the "I am" from foundation slain,  
Who made the stars and set them in the sky  
To speak the sure Word of their prophecy.

Now standing on the sand, the prophet saw  
Old Ocean heaving with a frightful roar,

And soon he saw a horrid beast arise  
 From out the sea and challenge all the skies  
 With seven heads, ten horns, nor less ten crowns,  
 He moved a monster in the ups and downs.  
 Spotted with stars, a Leopard, he might seem—  
 Against the stars of God, he did blaspheme  
 With feet of Polar Bear he strode around,  
 And from the Lion made his voice to sound,  
 The Dragon gave him power from Satan's seat  
 With great authority of cold and heat ;  
 For though each time and season lopped a head  
 As 'twere a death-wound, yet he was not dead,  
 For like the Lamb from the foundation slain,  
 Though often wounded, he was healed again,  
 And by the gauge of astrologic laws,  
 He wrought the Word by the Deaonic clause,  
 Including Hydra with his head on head,  
 Though often lopped off each rose from the dead.  
 He swath'd the Woman when she fled from  
 him,

The Hydra-monster of the Seraphim—  
 Or if in *Draco* sore athirst and dry,  
 The Brazen Serpent of the burning sky,  
 Then much of Israel bitten by him died  
 In Serpent-wisdom of the crucified,  
 For he could heal *similia* and '*bus*,  
 And make the *minus* equal to the *plus*,  
 And so be Healer in emphatic wise  
 By every aspect of the living skies.

They looked on him whom they had pierced  
 so oft,  
 Now in the shades below and now aloft.

The world all wondered such a horrid beast  
 Like Jacob's God, should come up from the  
     East,  
 And like the Son of man shine to the West  
 Till the horizon lopped him of his crest.

Thus when the Dragon in his signs appeared  
 An equal wonder as one to be feared,  
 Like Lucifer transformed to light at par,  
 To be the Saviour and the Morning Star,  
 They worshiped him who was a power of God,  
 And flying Serpent on the Solar road—  
 An adder in the path with teeth to bite  
 The heels of horses of the Sun from night.  
 He sowed the Dragon's teeth, and they uprose  
 Transformed to men or beasts, and armed as  
     foes.

The Beast was worshiped as a sign from heaven  
 To whom great power of the Lord was given ;  
 For sometimes over seven signs he strode  
 A dire Colossus on the heavenly road,  
 And who against him dared go up to fight ?  
 Who led such monstrous armies of the night—  
 Who with the mouth of God such great things  
     spoke

As from his nostrils went infernal smoke,  
 And from his mouth infernal fire devoured  
 As he came up and Jacob's coast he scoured—  
 Blasphemies speaking from his dev'lish mouth  
 As he led stars up over north and south,  
 And clouds so tempest-tossed that they  
     should be  
 Reserved in darkness of the mystery.

To him as to Elias, power was given  
 To bind and loose for the same time in heaven,  
 To the same number that the polar Bear  
 In God's name two-and-forty children tear ;  
 For there was *Draco* throned on Satan's seat  
 To do the cold signs or the summer's heat—  
 Then from his open mouth he blasphemed God  
 As he Aurora Borealis trod.

And in the fierce flame, he, the Dragon red,  
 Blasphemed the name as up the sky he sped—  
 Blasphemed the sky—house of the Holy One,  
 And them that dwell in heaven with the Sun.  
 The fiery flying serpents, he sent forth  
 In many legions from the frozen north,  
 And as they went up in their airy flight  
 They seemed transformed into the sons of light.

To him was given 'gainst the saints to stand  
 And overcome them in the Holy Land  
 Till times and seasons should bring forth again  
 The Lamb and saints from the foundation slain.  
 And they whose names not found in book of life,  
 The seven signs of Bridegroom and his Wife,  
 Must go with Satan to the shades below,  
 Nor see how the left-handed Word can grow,  
 And bud and blossom from the Serpent's root  
 And in due seasons bring forth twelve of fruit.

To him who hath an ear so let him hear—  
 Captor and captive in the role brought near—  
 Know Alpha and Omega in the Word  
 As each shall kill the other with the sword  
 That has two edges and will cut all ways  
 Through the twelve hundred and the sixty days,

Now adding to, or taking from as chance  
 Shall with the fat kine or the lean advance.

Then forward Calf and Lamb—do not back-  
 slide

Lest Satan flood you with his time and tide.

The Sun and Dragon in the contest prove  
 The Serpent wisdom with the harmless Dove,  
 For both, in brooding over all the earth,  
 Gave fish, flesh, fowl and creeping things their  
 birth,

And all the beasts let down on Peter's sheet,  
 Were, in John's vision, engineered complete,  
 Nor were there any common or unclean,  
 Tho' somewhat fallen from the first had been  
 By the recession which has made us all  
 To be included in first Adam's fall.

Here is the patience and the faith of saints,  
 That in his signs, tho' much the Dragon taints,  
 All will be well again with wheel in wheel—  
 Tho' sore the Serpent's bite, the Lamb will heal.

Close on the Lamb's ground was the Dragon's  
 root

As he lay coiling round the Life-Tree fruit,  
 And tho' he pushed his horns out like the Lamb,  
 He as the Dragon spake the earth to damn  
 Until the time the *Man-child* should be born—  
 Till then the first beast pushed with wintry  
 horn,

Whose deadly wound was healed from cold to  
 heat,  
 And fire came down from heaven to his seat,



Deceiving them who on the earth do dwell,  
 Who deemed it fire from heaven, not from hell.  
 It was a winter's thaw, a sign whereby  
 In Jacob many have misread the sky,  
 And fall pierced through by that two-edged  
                   sword

That cuts both ways as it divides the Word—  
 Divides in Jacob and in Israel scatters  
 In parables of all celestial matters.

They made an image of this cherubim,  
 Not doubting that it was the very him  
 Who from the Woman was now to be born,  
 And in his strength would break the winter's  
                   horn.

Ten stars or horns there are in sign of Goat,  
 And winter solstice opens wide its throat  
 To gulp the man-child of the Woman born  
 When he at Christmas is in *Capricorn*,  
 And down in earth and no less in the sea  
 The Son of man must in hell's belly be  
 Till times and seasons come to set him free  
 From that great Fish that swallowed Jonah so  
 Till he three days had made his bed below.

The Sun in *Taurus* pushed his bullocks when  
 He led from Egypt for the sons of men.  
 The Goat in imitation of the Lamb  
 Pushed out with horns as did the great "I am,"  
 When he in *Joseph* rushed the people on  
 To eat from baskets pendant round the throne—  
 The horn of plenty or salvation so  
 To save his people from the realms below.

Each beast had power to speak the living Word  
 In fitting language of the sign ador'd,  
 And if they would not worship him, the beast,  
 Their winter crumbs of comfort for their feast,  
 Nor the Lamb feed them in his own large place,  
 For they in other signs would fall from grace,  
 Nor would five loaves with only two small fishes  
 Suffice to feed them from the Dragon's dishes.

Both rich and poor, nor less the small and  
 great,

And bond and free—none, none escape the fate.  
 In the right hand each must receive the mark,  
 Or in their foreheads when the signs are dark,  
 As in the image of the winter's sky  
 With natural force abated from the Eye.  
 No man without the mark might buy or sell,  
 Nor speak the Word beyond the cope of hell.

The beast in number and of man no less  
 Of 6, 6, 6, had power to curse or bless,  
 As wheel in wheel rolled with the horoscope,  
 And ancient prophets gave the Word in trope.

There was an ancient astral diagram  
 That makes this number in the great "I am,"  
 So ranged in parts of was, and is to come,  
 That 6, 6, 6, is Wisdom of the sum.  
 Thus was it sung in ancient Mother Goose  
 Of signs in heaven and all hell broke loose.

The sky, the book of God, ye may discern  
 Wherein to read his wondrous works and learn  
 His seasons, hours or days, or months, or  
 years,  
 In multifold of what the sum appears.

From man or angel the great Architect  
 Concedes much Wisdom in the circumspect,  
 Nor will divulge his secrets to be scanned  
 Lest mortals see how all the heavens were  
     planned,

Nor comes this Wisdom save to ears that hear  
 How old things pass away and new appear  
 By crack of doom, or if they list to try  
 Conjecture, he, his fabric of the sky  
 Hath left to their disputes ; perhaps to move  
 His laughter in Jerusalem above  
 As they set forth their quaint opinions wide  
 How some in heaven, some in hell abide.  
 And how the preacher to the groundling pews  
 Is no less stupid to present the clues ;  
 And when, hereafter, they shall model heaven  
 And calculate the stars by what is given—  
 How seven stars and seven churches blend,  
 How each to other may the Word subtend  
 With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er  
 With line on line and precepts less or more,  
 Cycle and epicycle, ring in ring  
 As stars ring out and sons of God do sing.  
 Already by thy reasoning I guess  
 You find the Woman in the wilderness,  
 And come to Jesus in the more or less.

#### XIV.

And now from forth the chambers of the  
     main,  
 To shed his sacred light on earth again,

Arose the golden chariot of day,  
 And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.  
 The Lord was clothed in raiment of the light,  
 As he drew up the curtain of the night—  
 His chamber-beams on many waters rest—  
 So comes the Sun to shine from east to west.  
 He makes his chariot of the moving cloud,  
 And on the wings of wind he shouts aloud—  
 His angels, spirits of the flaming fire,  
 They speak in language of the Son and Sire,  
 And when the Lord awakes as out of sleep,  
 Arising from the everlasting deep,  
 Then shouting like a mighty man in wine,  
 Proclaims the Architect to be divine.

But ere the morn had streaked with red'-  
 ning light

The doubtful confines of the day and night,  
 Old things have passed away and all things new  
 Have change of aspect in the kingdom's view,  
 The Lamb has reached Mount Sion there to  
 stand

And mark twelve thousand with the mystic  
 brand,

Who in the circuit of the Zodiac stay  
 And sing the Father in the night and day,  
 Nor less the Highest in the heaven when  
 The Poet sang him to the sons of men :—  
 O Father of mankind, superior Lord !  
 On lofty Ida's holy hill adored—  
 Who in the highest heaven has fixed thy throne,  
 Supreme of Gods ! unbounded and alone.

The Father's name on holy foreheads writ  
 No less the Heathen than the Christian fit.  
 The holy Virgin who embraces all  
 Within the circle of the rise and fall,  
 Sometimes above, sometimes with shades below,  
 Will follow *Jesus* in the to and fro.  
 The lambkins of the kingdom sang new song  
 Which, in the spheres, to sons of God belong.  
 Who in the sheepfold hear the Porter's voice  
 As with glad tidings he makes all rejoice.  
 They from their mansions make the welkin ring  
 To see the Sun come forth in his Day-spring,  
 And on their foreheads have the Father's name  
 In golden halo of the shining flame—  
 The ministering spirits, guardian angels so  
 That they the trumpet of the Lord can blow  
 In voice from heaven, judgment rolling round  
 To judge the heaven, earth and sea profound  
 With voice of many waters low and high  
 To sound the vast variety of sky.  
 So the big thunder speaking from the cloud  
 Spake from the mouth of God exceeding loud—  
 The thorough-bass of Muses in the sphere,  
 Which they might note who had the ears to  
 hear,  
 And thus fear God and give him glory too  
 In fast and loose of the dissolving view.

The ocean sounding from her vasty deep,  
 With fairy fingers could the timbrel sweep  
 With voice of harpers, harping with the harp  
 That had a thousand strings in woof and warp—

Could harp the Fish from out the sea  
 With Sons of God at morn,  
 And milk from out the Virgin's breast  
 Ere the Man-child was born—  
 Harp Joseph's coat in color of each flower,  
 The precious of the Sun and goodly dower—  
 A Babylonish garment rich and rare,  
 So woven as to be beyond compare—  
 The seamless coat that clothed the earth and  
 heaven,  
 And known to whom the mystery had been  
 given,  
 And like the clothes the Lord God made when  
 he  
 Clothed Eve and Adam in the mystery  
 With skins of beasts which John in trance  
 could ken,  
 As they came upward from the nether pen.  
 Now as they sang new song before the throne,  
 They sang in minor 'key the old year's groan,  
 But now new-born the beasts and elders were,  
 Nor less in time the Prince and power of air,  
 Who harped his music from the shades below,  
 Or as the Spirit listeth, he would blow,  
 And so in chorus of the new song sung  
 As if he were the Sons of God among.  
 He so rang out upon the nether plane  
 All music of the spheres was in the strain,  
 And when for Moses' body did contend  
 Betwixt the upper and the nether end,  
 Sonorous metal breathing martial sound,  
 Sometimes above, sometimes below the ground,



No railing accusation Michael brought,  
Save Lord rebuke thee Satan as he ought.

No man could learn that song unless he be  
A scribe instructed in the mystery,  
To follow on to know the Solar way  
Thro' all dark sayings that he must obey  
Of the one hundred and the forty-four  
With thousands added to the less or more  
By the twelve judges of the Zodiac,  
Who see God face to face as well as back.  
Blest are the pure in heart, for they see him  
Among the old and later cherubim,  
For these are they with women not defiled,  
Securely kept in heaven, reconciled ;  
Nor is the Virgin left out in the cold  
*Sub Jove frigido* in ways untold,  
For she is ready in her time and tide,  
Clothed with white linen as the Lamb's young  
Bride ;

Nor less the saints shall in white linen be  
That they may love the Lord—with him be  
free—

The free-love Virgins, and they follow on  
To know the only Sun upon his throne—  
The sole begotten, full of truth and grace,  
As seen in heaven with his shining face.  
As when he shined from Paran and from Seir  
With voice from heaven of his kingdom near.

As moves the seasons, they are with the  
Lamb,  
Redeemed by him in first-fruits of "I am" —

The Sun in *Aries* who will now lead up  
 That saints may drink of his salvation-cup.  
 The ills will cease when by the Lamb's decree  
 They crown the bowl to Heaven and Liberty.  
 For in their mouth no fault or guile was found,  
 Before God's throne, above or under ground ;  
 For up in heaven they would find him there,  
 Nor less his bed in hell with Prince of air.  
 They could not anywise his presence flee,  
 Who was, and is, and the "I am" to be  
 In heaven and earth and utmost parts of sea.

An angel flying in the midst of heaven—  
 So had the everlasting gospel given  
 To preach to them that on the earth do dwell—  
 To every nation, kindred, tongue, foretell  
 By signs from heaven that the heavens rule  
 Above the plane of the wayfaring fool.  
 The angel flying with a loud voice, said,  
 To God give glory of the old year dead,  
 For this his judgment, and is come his hour,  
 With fire, the Gogs and Magogs to devour.  
 'Tis he who made the heaven, earth and sea,  
 Who was, and is, and evermore shall be.

Another angel, speaking on this wise,  
 Sees mystic Babylon fall from the skies,  
 Because she made all nations drink her wine,  
 Pressed thro' the red mist of the wrath divine.  
 She fell like Lucifer on Satan down—  
 Drunk with her wine, she lay with broken  
 crown,

For from the same cup that the Sun had drank,  
 She was partaker ere below she sank  
 In image of the beast whose potent sign  
 Would turn the pots of water into wine.

So the third angel, on to know the Lord  
 In same wise wielded the two-edged sword—  
 With loud voice saying that if any man,  
 Within the scope of Beersheba to Dan,  
 Should bear the image of the beast and brand—  
 His mark in forehead be, or in his hand—  
 The same should drink the wine in wrath of God  
 From the same wine-press that Jehovah trod  
 In Judah's daughter of the Lion's whelp—  
 When she with stars came up the Lord to help,  
 And from the wine-press poured her spirit out,  
 In blood of grapes to all the throne about,  
 Up to the bridles and the horse's mane  
 Of him in fullness who has come again.  
 The Sun in *Virgo* till within the squeeze,  
 She pours her wine out from the very lees ;  
 And so in *Leo* as the Lord of fire  
 His indignation shall be torments dire—  
 In Brazen Serpent, it shall come to pass  
 With fire and brimstone on the sea of glass,  
 And in the presence of the angels damn  
 The damned outsiders who know not the Lamb,  
 Nor who his Bride, the Virgin and the Maid  
 As sung by poets since the world was made.

Forever and forever goes their smoke,  
 As day and night or as the seasons spoke.

Day unto day it was that uttered speech,  
 And night showed knowledge too in Wisdom's  
     reach,

And so they have no rest in day or night,  
 But do the heavens in their woeful plight  
 As wandering stars reserved in black forever  
 The joints and marrow of the Word to sever.  
 Smoke from his nostrils, from his mouth the  
     fire,

The Lord consumes the damn'd souls in his ire.  
 The stars not pure that bear the image-name  
 Till seven times have passed with growing flame,  
 And heated seven times more than is wont  
 For the baptism in the fiery font,  
 And so baptised by water and by fire  
 In changing aspect of the Sun and Sire.  
 This makes the patience of the saints who keep  
 The word of God throughout the vasty deep—  
 Baptised in clouds, baptised too in the sea,  
 The song of Moses and the Lamb agree.

The wicked rest not, saith my God—yet said  
 That he with them has sometimes made his bed ;  
 But these in darkness must forever dwell  
 That he his wrath may burn to lowest hell—  
 Foundations of the mountains set on fire  
 With breath of Cherubim or Gorgons dire.  
 No rest for them while in the realms below  
 Where wheel within wheel must the Spirit go.

Then came a voice from heaven unto me—  
 Bless'd are the dead who from the wrath can  
     flee—

Who now made pure by passing seven climes  
 Thro' furnace heated of the seven times,  
 And with the Lord have died in woful five,  
 But from the Dragon's root come forth alive—  
 Thus from their labors do they now find rest—  
 Their works do follow to the kingdom blest,  
 For in the Spirit of the quickening Sun  
 All Nature lives to praise the Holy One ;  
 Thus saved by fire and seven times purified,  
 Come forth the saints who in the past have died.  
 So rest and labor with the times compare,  
 As works the Lord, or works the Prince of air—  
 The Son of man against the man of Sin,  
 As each in measure would the kingdom win—  
 The Lord in seven, Satan in his five—  
 With both together do the churches thrive.

Upon the margin of a white cloud sat  
 Who was the Son of man in shining hat,  
 Who gilded all the lean kine and the fat  
 From Golden Calf unto the golden Ram  
 In sign of *Aries* of the great "I am ;"  
 And from his head there gleamed a golden  
     crown,  
 And in his hand a sickle of renown  
 That reaped the earth as wheel with wheel in  
     gear  
 Bore the Sun onward to the harvest sphere.  
 His angel crying from the temple, came  
 And spake his message from the golden flame,  
 And with a voice that was exceeding loud,  
 He called to him who sat upon a cloud—

Thrust in thy sickle, for 'tis time to reap—  
 Let th' instructed scribe the tally keep.  
 If loaves from seven or twelve baskets come,  
 Let all be gathered at the harvest-home,  
 That not a fragment of the all be lost  
 Of what the Sun shall give on Jacob's coast.

Another angel from the temple came  
 As from the Burning Bush or glowing flame.  
 To him was also a sharp sickle given,  
 As a Sun-angel, so sent down from heaven  
 To reap so much from the celestial field  
 As earth in measure to the sign would yield.  
 For there were stars in signs which were so  
 wrought

To make the sickles which the angels brought ;  
 And still another from the altar came,  
 Who had the power to gauge the ardent flame,  
 And cried with loud voice unto him that had  
 The sickle sharp from out the troop of Gad.  
 To thrust and gather clusters of the vine,  
 For the Lord shouts by reason of the wine.  
 The pots of water in the natural way  
 Are changed to wine by the full God of day.  
 The bridal earth in fullness of her time,  
 Responds in loud voice to the heavenly chime—  
 Her grapes are fully ripe, and so her vine  
 Throughout the Father's kingdom is divine.  
 The Sun in fury as the sky he rode,  
 Would tread the Virgin with the wrath of God  
 In Judah's wine-press, trodden by the Sun  
 Till blood was seen o'er the red sky to run



To Sun-horse-bridles, dripping in the gore  
 To sprinkle side-posts to the nether shore.  
 From sign of *Leo* was the angel's hand  
 To reap the clusters of the holy land,  
 And the earth-Woman so clothed with the Sun,  
 Was well delivered of the Holy One—  
 No forceps used to hurry up new birth,  
 But as the Sun was so responded earth.  
 No more the Sun shall to the Woman say  
 "Mine hour is not yet come" along the way  
 In all the fullness of God bodily  
 To drink in fullest measure of the sky—  
 No more O Woman the reproof shall be  
 O Woman "what have I to do with thee?"  
 Now both may drink wine in the kingdom free  
 And with the Father make the Trinity—  
 In first and last be thus of the true vine  
 Whose root from water will branch into wine.

The richest tints and deepest Tyrian hue,  
 To thee O wondrous Maid! are solely due;  
 To thee th' Arabian husbandman should bring  
 The spicy produce of his Eastern spring;  
 Whatever gems the swathy Indians boast,  
 Their shelly treasures, and their golden coast,  
 Alone thou meritest! Come, ye tuneful choir!  
 And come bright Sun-God with thy pensive  
 lyre!

This solemn festival harmonious praise—  
 No theme so much deserves harmonious lays.

The source of heat and life, so Proctor says,  
 Is this same Sun-God of the ancient days,

And all and every thing upon the earth—  
 All from the Sun have had their life and birth.  
 Even the thoughts we think are from the Sun,  
 And He the Key-Stone of the kingdom won—  
 Brings life and immortality to light,  
 Or all had else been but eternal night.

So Spencer, Tyndall, others too unfold  
 From this Sun-centre of the manifold,  
 Not leaving much for super-God to do,  
 So much the Sun is chiefest to the view.

The moving Sion and Olympus rise  
 And show God's city of the Paradise,  
 The city of foundations which was built  
 With lively stones, and by the Saviour gilt.  
 Both God and Lamb *lucus a non* were bright  
 Without the Sun by day or Moon by night,  
 Tho' Esdras says the Son of man was not  
 Save in the day-time otherwise begot.  
 Whether the Sun predominant in heaven,  
 Rose on the earth, mixt with the Woman's  
     heaven,  
 Or from the East his flaming road begin,  
 Or she from West, both shall the kingdom win,  
 The heavenly Maid and glorious God of day  
 Shall in the heaven bear resistless sway—  
 The kingdom come on earth as in the heaven  
 As Sun and Virgin do the Word in seven.

## XV.

Again in heaven was another sign,  
 And great and marvelous with woes malign,  
 For seven angels with their plagues appear  
 To prove the kingdom of their God is near,  
 For in the seven may be seen God's wrath,  
 As thro' the heaven he shall make his path,  
 And with his two edged sword cut right and  
 left

Till seen the Rock of our salvation cleft.  
 A sea of glass is mingled with the fire  
 With that old Serpent, the Chimera dire,  
 And sheep and goats thro' glass are clearly  
 seen

As moves the Sun along in fiery sheen  
 With twenty thousand chariots of the sky,  
 All geared and harnessed to the wheels on high,  
 Or lopp'd the wheels like those of Pharaoh's  
 host

When fierce Orion vexed the Red-Sea coast.  
 The Sun still moving on the upper side,  
 Will cleave the Rock, and sheep and goats di-  
 vide,

And so will let old *Capricornus* slide—  
 The "hind let loose" with all the troop of Gad,  
 And angels good be separate from bad.

So *Aries* leading up the hosts of God  
 Thro' holy land, the Prince of darkness trod,  
 Now victory gets, and stamps the Prince below  
 The season's brink of everlasting woe.

The goats go with him, but the sheep arise,  
 And range fresh pasture of the upper skies,  
 And follow *Aries* wheresoe'er he goes,  
 And leave the Scape-goat to the Gorgon's woes.  
 Old *Capricornus* will the Rock divide,  
 The sheep on one, the goats on t'other side.  
 Or rather God the Sun within that sign  
 Will seal his own sheep from the goats malign.  
 Three days in darkness of the earth, the Lord  
 Shall rise again with his two-edged sword,  
 And cleave the earth, the heaven and the sea  
 With sons of God in glorious liberty.

The Ancient of the Days shall live again,  
 And they shall look on him whom they have  
 slain.

The back parts of the Lord, the goats shall see  
 Thro' the glass darkly of God bodily,  
 And those of Satan's image and his brand,  
 Shall be fast chained in miry clay to stand ;  
 But those who with the Lord come up to fight,  
 And with the morning help disperse the night,  
 Shall stand in wonder on the sea of glass,  
 See stars above and stars below to pass,  
 And have the harps of God to harp his praise,  
 Who conquers darkness with his thousand rays.

They sing the song of Moses and the Lamb  
 In linkèd sweetness of the great "I am,"  
 And with the harp that has a thousand strings  
 Each scribe, instructed in the kingdom, sings.  
 Whate'er the changes of the role might be,  
 It was the Sun-Lamb who had made them free ;

For Jacob's Bull or Heifer of old time,  
 Had by precession gone to other clime ;  
 But in as large a place the Lamb would feed  
 His people Israel and all their seed ;  
 And now they sing his pattern in the mount,  
 The Sun in *Aries* and the living fount,  
 And not in *Taurus*, father Joseph's sign,  
 Who was the father of the Lamb divine,  
 Or so supposed when Gabriel was sent  
 To the new Virgin of the firmament.

God's works are very marvelous and great—  
 The Lord Almighty of the vast estate—  
 A sign in Israel where many fall—  
 Again he comes—again he conquers all—  
 Goes down in Adam and comes up in Christ,  
 With mark of *Tau-Cross* of the circumcised.

So Paradise was lost and so regained  
 From death to life, and so the Woman pained  
 To be delivered of her only child,  
 Was at the Day-spring from the desert wild  
 And Serpent's root—with Eagle's wings she  
 flew—

By God was nourished with the mountain dew,  
 Or hoar-frost manna as it fell around  
 And fed the Woman of the holy ground.

Thou King of glory at the opening gates  
 With just and true ways of the various fates—  
 Thou King of saints with fiery law in hand,  
 The morning sees thee first on mountains stand,  
 On Sinai, Seir, and on Olympus too,  
 In high-way circuit of all earth to view—

On Ebal, Gerezim, to curse and bless,  
 To bind and loose in heaven, on earth no less :  
 On Gibeon, for Joshua, he stood  
 Until in slaughter ran a purple flood.  
 Who shall not fear and glorify thy name,  
 O Lord in Burning Bush or raging flame !  
 The chieftest of ten thousand of the host,  
 On Cherub flying by the Holy Ghost.  
 All nations look up and they worship thee  
 Who casts the hosts of darkness in the sea,  
 And thus thy judgments are made manifest  
 As they who read thee rightly may protest,  
 That as the physical the moral plane,  
 So each reflects the other in the twain.

The tabernacle in the heaven swings  
 On golden hinges by cherubic wings,  
 And in the temple testimony lays,  
 By wise men gathered from the ancient days.

The gates now opened seven angels came  
 In change of dress, but still they are the same—  
 The persons of the drama in and out,  
 Who find the fresh fields in the round about.  
 Seven plagues they bring, tho' clothed in pure  
 and white—

The woven vesture of the day and night,  
 As thro' four quarters of the beasts they go  
 With golden vials full of wrath and woe—  
 The Sun's wrath in the heat and in the cold—  
 The same Sun living in the new as old—  
 Forever and forever comes and goes—  
 Now in the white—now in the sombre clothes—



Now from his nostrils smoke, the temple fills,  
 And from his mouth, the fire all herbage kills,  
 Nor spares the cattle on a thousand hills,  
 No man, the temple now could enter in  
 Till seven angels purged it of its sin  
 By seven plagues in seven signs from heaven—  
 The Word unfolded by the signs so given.

## XVI.

There was a great voice from the temple,  
 saying  
 To seven angels on a mission slaying—  
 Go on your ways with vials of your wrath  
 And pour them out on earth along God's path.  
 So went the first, and from his vial poured  
 A grievous mixture from the beast abhorred  
 On those who bore his image and his mark  
 As he came forth from out old Noah's Ark.  
 The second angel poured out on the sea,  
 Which made all fishes from the wrath to flee.  
 Leviathan that swim'd the ocean stream,  
 Plumb downward shot, scorched by the Sun's  
 fierce beam—  
 The sea became as blood and each soul died—  
 Fish, flesh, nor fowl could 'scape such time and  
 tide ;  
 Rivers and fountains too became as blood,  
 Which made small chances for salubrious food,  
 For the third angel poured his vials out  
 In all the regions of the round about.

I heard the angel of the waters, say,  
 Righteous art thou, O Lord of night and day,  
 Thou art and wast, and thou shalt ever be,  
 Because thou judgest over land and sea—  
 Chief Judge among the Gods or signs in heaven,  
 To whom all power of life and death is given  
 On those who blood of saints and prophets shed,  
 And now in turn must drink till they are dead,  
 For they are worthy thus the blood to drink,  
 Who press the Cup to us below the brink  
 Of everlasting woe, when there we dwell  
 In times and seasons to the lowest hell,  
 And under altar to the Lord we cry,  
 How long, O Lord, ere we shall mount the sky  
 Up from this horrid pit and miry clay,  
 And sing hosannas to the God of day?

I heard another from the altar say,  
 Lord God Almighty of the upper way—  
 Thy judgments true and righteous, even so,  
 Whether above, on earth or sea below,  
 In thy outpouring of the Spirit well  
 In airs from heaven or in blasts from hell.  
 Blow as thou listeth, none with thee compare,  
 Save rude Boreas or the Prince of air,  
 Or fierce Orion in the rushing wind  
 To move the mills wherein the Gods do grind  
 When over all his cloudy wings expand  
 With apt responses from the sea and land.

Then the fourth angel poured out on the Sun,  
 Which added fury to the Holy One,  
 For power was given to scorch the men with fire  
 Till they blasphemed the name an octave higher,

But they repented not to give him glory,  
 Who scorched them seven times per ancient  
 story—

The heat increasing as the story goes,  
 Till seven times had sealed with seven woes.  
 The Burning Bush and fire from lowest hell  
 Melt earth with fervent heat as records tell.  
 Nebuchadnezzar, seven times to grass,  
 Will be in order when it comes to pass,  
 And Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego  
 Be seven times roasted in the fiery glow.

Then the fifth angel poured on Satan's seat  
 A fiery vial of uncommon heat—  
 His kingdom full of darkness, none the less  
 Escaped the Sun's heat in the dire distress.  
 So shut the heaven that it could not rain,  
 And so they gnawed their tongues in bitter  
 pain—  
 Nor less the God of heaven they blasphemed  
 As from his mouth the fiery 'sharp sword  
 gleamed.

Now the sixth angel on Euphrates poured,  
 And dried the waters which had there been  
 stored,  
 That eastern way of kings might be prepared  
 As signs from heaven and the Sun had glared ;  
 And from the lower pit and miry clay,  
 Three frog-like spirits bobb'd around that way  
 From mouth of Dragon, beast and prophet false,  
 And on fantastic toe began to waltz,  
 And work such miracles before the throne  
 That the elect could hardly know their own ;

But they are devilish spirits and unclean,  
 And will the kings of all the earth convene  
 To gather them to battle that great day  
 When God Almighty shall the whole host slay.

Max Muller saw the Sun in sign of frog  
 So stealthy rising from the land of Gog.

So works the Father chieftest in the Sun—  
 As Nature is, so the Almighty one  
 Who sits in heaven, laughing at the boast  
 Of Satan rising up with adverse host.

The Sun on winding way as thief will steal  
 All that the Dragon thought he could conceal  
 Within the darkness of the shrouding night,  
 To put God's army to perpetual flight.  
 But they who watch and keep their garments  
 clean,

In their ascension—who by God were seen  
 As they in circuit of all-seeing Eye  
 Were clothed in raiment of the lighted sky—  
 Transfigured from the darker signs below,  
 And as they go up a clean record show.  
 He gathers them together in a place  
 Called Armageddon which the scribe may trace  
 As "mountain of the Gospel," tidings glad  
 As we in sum the seventh angel add,  
 Who pours his vial out into the air,  
 And leaves the Prince thereof of raiment bare—  
*In puris naturalibus* so squat  
 As when the frog at Eve's ear whispering sat.

From out the temple of the heaven, then,  
 A great voice speaks unto the sons of men—

The work is done in that mysterious way  
 Of what four beasts and elders have to say—  
 The heavens rolled together as a scroll,  
 And Satan scarce a shred left of the whole,  
 So cute the Sun-thief his night raiment stole,  
 And left him naked out in cold to run  
 In sight of all the Israel and Sun.

Thunders and lightnings and a great earth-  
 quake,  
 A stunning drama, could not fail to make.  
 Now the great city in three parts divide,  
 The morning and the noon and eventide,  
 Or eve and midnight and the blushing morn,  
 The night-robe changed will now the day adorn.  
 The city set forth in some other guise,  
 May yet be true to landmarks in the skies,  
 As from the circuit of the yearly swing  
 The scribes instructed shall their treasures  
 bring,

And show how cities and how nations fell,  
 And how the wicked were turned into hell  
 As the revolving wheel and timbrel's sound  
 Rang out in heaven or beneath the ground.

The judgment slower is by latitude  
 To separate the wicked from the good.  
 Take either way and Babylon the great  
 May be a name within the linkèd fate,  
 And she in wine-press still be trod in wrath  
 As God in heaven makes his douple path :  
 And every island thus may flee away  
 As times and seasons in their moving say,

And the sky-mountains in their turning round,  
 Might also flee away and not be found,  
 For as they follow on to know the Lamb  
 May hide their heads within the great "I am."  
 The mists of heaven may be turned to hail  
 Which on men falling make them weep and  
     wail,

And blaspheme God, who, from his cloudy state  
 Came down in plagues which were exceeding  
     great.

So he to Mary in a cloud came down,  
 And made her leprous by his misty frown,  
 Because with Moses she would speak the Word,  
 And be his equal with thus saith the Lord.

## XVII.

What time the Day-spring or the Day-dawn  
     nigh,  
 To see the Judgment of the upper sky—  
 To hear the one of seven angels talk  
 As he comes forward in the solar walk  
 To show the judgment of the red-cheek dame  
 Before the Bridegroom of the ardent flame.  
 She sits on many waters, so will rise  
 And be the Woman of the morning skies ;  
 Then changing dress to the cerulean hue,  
 She is the wise maid with her eyes of blue,  
 With whom the kings of earth have gone  
     astray,  
 And made her welcome with the God of day ;

For she announcing him in rising up,  
Will drink the same wine from the Saviour's  
cup.

She loves in vesture dipped in morning-red—  
Aurora rising from her starry bed,  
And so infolded in the Golden Fleece,  
She and the Lamb seem one in the embrace,  
As when Aurora daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkles with rosy light the dewy lawn,  
Or in white linen of the ocean's foam,  
The Bride ascends to fill the sacred dome,  
And tho' she sat on scarlet colored beast,  
She has the wedding garment for the feast.  
With all the names of blasphemy defaced,  
Yet in sky-costume changed, she may be traced  
As decked with gold and precious stones and  
pearls,

And in Sun-tinted clouds her golden curls,  
So on her forehead there is seen to be  
The greatest mother of all mystery.

Lo here a harlot ! lo, a virgin born—  
Lo seven headed and from each a horn,  
Or ten outcropping from the myth divine—  
Her offspring will be as the Sun doth shine,  
Who treads the wine-press so thro' all the blood  
Of Noah's vineyard planted at the flood.

However skirted may the Woman be,  
She rides the beast o'er heaven, earth, and sea  
In fullness of the Godhead bodily,  
As did the Lord when he the cherub rode  
And spake from heaven as was then the mode,  
While the Shekinah in the cloud abode.

The Sun as Saviour has the mystic name  
 Of Jesus, saving by increasing flame—  
 Saved as by fire by him with fan in hand,  
 Who purged all grossness from the holy land.  
 The Woman drunken with the blood of saints,  
 Embraces all signs, and she thus attaints  
 Each sheet from heaven as 'tis thus let down,  
 And makes all wonder at her great renown.

That woman Jezebel who tired her head,  
 Who thro' the glass looked with her face so red,  
 Might be so wrought among the lively stones,  
 The dogs might eat her and so make no bones  
 To show here was, or is, where she was tossed,  
 So few her fragments gathered up or lost.

So Tyrian Dido on the same old plan,  
 Might be so skirted in her rear and van,  
 That she might jump the many years of time  
 And link with Æneas in heroic rhyme.

The ancient creed of heaven, earth, and sea  
 In fullness of the Godhead bodily,  
 Had wings cherubic over all to fly,  
 And many voices from the Word on high.  
 As was in heaven so on earth as well,  
 No less the voices that rang out from hell.  
 In Israel or Jacob all divide,  
 And have their landmarks by the time and tide,  
 Howe'er divided in all parts, the One  
 And so included Holy Ghost and Sun.  
 We need not marvel at the mystery,  
 When Truth in all her fullness shall make free  
 To see the Woman in the monster-sign  
 With seven heads and with ten horns malign



Where *Draco*, *Serpent*, and the *Hydra* sweep  
The heaven, the earth, nor less the lower deep.

The beast thou sawest was, but now is not,  
Save in appearance of the signs begot.  
From out the lower pit he will ascend,  
And as the Prince of air, with heaven blend.  
Among the Sons of God, he is their foe,  
In times and seasons walking to and fro,  
But none the less will to perdition go ;  
And they who dwell upon the earth shall  
wonder,

Whose names not in the book of life, but under,  
From the foundation of the world till now,  
As horoscopus of the sky will show  
Of those same stars reserved in hell forever  
By two-edg'd sword that joints and marrow  
sever—

The sword of Eden turning every way  
To keep the life-tree of the Lord of day.

So they the seraphimic beast behold  
Who was, and is not, and yet is of old,  
As oft the Sun shall gild him from on high,  
To rule as Brazen Serpent of the sky.  
The winding Serpent is of gold or brass  
As seen in wisdom thro' the sea of glass—  
A sign in Israel since Adam's fall  
And rise again for those who sinnèd all—  
A sign against which many things are spoken  
By those who know not what the times betoken,  
Nor how the signs may many thoughts reveal  
To scribe instructed to the open seal

Of book so written by God's finger well,  
 And is true Scripture of the heaven and hell  
 From world's foundation to the present time,  
 And thus the Word with every part will chime.  
 Here Wisdom is for such as have the mind  
 To see the Word in front, nor less behind.  
 Like Janus looking at the old and new,  
 And by astrology to get the clue.

Whoever reads should also understand  
 How things in heaven weave with earthly  
 strand

The seamless coat which is from top throughout  
 In shreds and patches of the throne about,  
 And many colored as the one of old  
 The Lord God made for Adam manifold,  
 And found in heaven by the Tracing-board  
 To be the pattern of the ancient Lord.  
 The seven heads, ten horns, so wove in dress  
 To make the image of the beast express,  
 Who sowed the Dragon's teeth till they grew  
 men

In curious mixture of the Seven and ten,  
 Or seven and five will make the twelve in full  
 Of all the signs to make a stronger pull,  
 A pull altogether as pulls the Lamb  
 Who pulls in heaven as the great "I am,"  
 Or Brazen Serpent lifted up on high  
 To draw all with him to the upper sky.

One hour the Beast, the twilight hour that he  
 May yet possess while rising from the sea

With all his legions, marching 'gainst the Sun  
 Who with the Father has the kingdom won,  
 And he shall overcome them as the Lord  
 And Leader up of the eternal Word—  
 The King of Kings whose everlasting doors  
 Swing wide in heaven on the sapphire floors,  
 And they the faithful and the chosen are  
 Who in his signs with him went forth to war,  
 Where she in scarlet sitteth at the dawn  
 The red-cheek damsel of the blushing morn.

'Tis hard that she should have opprobrious  
 name,

Who looks so lovely in the Lamb's pure flame,  
 But she in other guise shall be the Bride  
 As seen at morning and at eventide ;  
 And so the Beast within his aspects four  
 May be constructed so to hate the whore,  
 And eat her flesh and make her desolate—  
 Burn her with fire who on the waters sate ;  
 For God has put it into each sign's heart  
 To do his will in each and every part,  
 And give their kingdom to the Beast until  
 The words of God thro' all the signs fulfill.  
 The Woman is that same great city, all  
 The signs embracing in their rise and fall—  
 In mystic wise has given all things birth  
 The *Magna Mater* of the heaven and earth,  
 And is God's Mother if on high she dwell  
 Or mystic harlot with her bed in hell,  
 Till seven devils he casts from her womb,  
 And then in white she rises from the tomb

Like brother Lazarus who hears the voice,  
 And with the Day-star rises to rejoice.  
 Nor less is she Jerusalem above,  
 And sorrowing Mother of us all in love,  
 And her large wings would gather so all men  
 As lovingly her chickens does the hen.

But in new heaven, earth and no more sea,  
 Transformed the Woman, so the Bride shall be.  
 As shines the Sun-God thro' the fold on fold  
 Of vesture dipped in purple, red and gold,  
 So too the Woman in her pattern shines  
 In the same vesture that the Lord enshrines.

### XVIII.

The summing up of time in various year,  
 Or day personified, all parts appear,  
 Another angel in the role comes down  
 To speak the two-edged Word of great renown.  
 The earth is lighted by his glory bright,  
 For he has vanquished all the hosts of night,  
 And cries with strong voice in a mighty cry  
 Like seven thunders breaking from the sky ;  
 And as he rings out through the voices all,  
 Great Babylon's the word that makes the fall—  
 So fallen, fallen to the lower world  
 Where devils of the adverse signs are hurled—  
 Where every spirit foul, fast in a cage  
 Must wait till time another war can wage—  
 Must breakfast with what appetite they may  
 Till times and seasons bring again their day,

So Homer sings in everlasting song  
 Of those same secrets which to God belong,  
 For far, oh far from steep Olympus throne,  
 Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,  
 With burning chains fixed to the brazen floors,  
 And locked by hell's inexorable doors,  
 As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurled,  
 As from the centre to th' etherial world.  
 Let him who tempts me dread those dire abodes,  
 And know th' Almighty is the God of Gods.  
 The fallen Babylon in countersign  
 Has made all nations to partake her wine—  
 Has used the same machinery of stars  
 As Sun and Dragon in their many wars,  
 Where signs and angels most do congregate  
 To seal the nations with the astral fate.

So Rome was measured in the signals by  
 The horoscope in Wisdom of the sky  
 Where sat the damsel of the scarlet gown,  
 Who, in her wine-cup, did the nations drown,  
 And glorified herself, clothed with the Sun,  
 She sat a Queen beside the Holy One.  
 No widow of Jerusalem was she,  
 But from her Dawn-cup poured her wine so free  
 And made all drunk from wine-press that she  
 trod

As did the Virgin of Almighty God  
 Where he in Judah's sign press'd the same Maid  
 Till she bled freely from her vineyard red,

So in one day do all her plagues appear—  
 Her golden twilight gone—her judgment near—

For she is burnt up by celestial fire  
 As each day makes for her the funeral pyre.  
 Strong is the Lord God for who has judged her  
 so—

The Sun consuming her in all his glow  
 Till she in purple and in scarlet poured .  
 Her wine out to Adonis or "Our Lord,"  
 And blood and water too ran from his side  
 Till she made ready to become his Bride.

So those who worship'd her, this mystic dame,  
 Now saw her burnt up in the Sun's fierce flame,  
 And so lament her when they see her smoke  
 To view dissolving in the horoscope ;  
 For in one hour is this her judgment come—  
 The hour of twilight in the mystic sum,  
 Or when the signs shall cast her on the lee  
 And *Scorpio* stings her in the mystery.

The merchants of the earth shall mourn and  
 weep  
 When they are rous'd up from their morning  
 sleep  
 To see all riches of the East o'erthrown—  
 Gone with the early mirage of the Dawn,  
 Its precious stones and pearls, fine linen, all  
 Have gone where Eve and Adam made their fall,  
 And this sky-city so lovely from the night,  
 Has now departed as a scroll from light,  
 For in one hour all things have come to  
 naught  
 In this arcana of the sold and bought.

When all the company of ships and trade  
 Saw this combustion of the heaven made,

They were affrighted and far off they stood  
 To see the Burning Bush and fiery flood,  
 And smoke from nostrils of the God of  
     heaven,  
 To whom all power and glory had been given,  
 Devouring all things, fish, flesh, fowl, and man  
 Within the circuit of his fiery span,  
 They cried when thus engulfed in horrid  
     smoke  
 That made the heaven, earth, and sea to choke,  
 Sea and waves roaring and the bellowing sky,  
 Made them to think the crack of doom was  
     nigh.

It was God's city of the sky on fire—  
 The Brazen Serpent and the Gorgon dire  
 Had come to judgment, and the children cried  
 When they were bitten and much people died.  
 They wept and wailed and cried alas ! alas !  
 How could such things in heaven come to pass !  
 What city is so great or had its like  
 And tho' its hundred gates had power to strike  
 As did Briareus with hundred hands  
 When he cleared heaven of the rebel-bands.  
 So strange the city, who can her create,  
 That in one hour can be so desolate ?  
 Who can this city heal ?—her Saviour be  
 That in one hour is past all surgery ?  
 Can Father, Son, or Holy Ghost do that  
 Within the valley of Jehosaphat ?

Ye holy prophets and apostles too,  
 Who walk the heaven in dissolving view,

Rejoice that God avenges you on her  
 Who to so many was prime minister,  
 And who so often has led you astray  
 With that old Serpent of the winding way,  
 But ye are now avenged on her by God,  
 And all her golden paths by you are trod—  
 Old Gog and Magog in the general roast  
 Have been devoured—no more on Jacob's coast  
 Shall they come up among the saints to dwell  
 Thro' that great fire that burns to lowest hell,  
 And melts the earth with so much fervent heat  
 Down to the bottomless of Satan's seat.

A mighty angel then took up a stone—  
 A part of that same Rock that made the throne—  
 From the horizon cast in the sea  
 To show how Babylon no more should be.  
 Like a great mill-stone was its whirling round—  
 That mill-stone great by which the Gods had  
 ground,

And as it moved by wheel within a wheel,  
 That city Babylon was seen to reel  
 So like the New Jerusalem above  
 As if with mystic Babylon in love,  
 And both with same machinery will move,  
 For dressed in goodly Babylonish gown  
 As Bride prepared, so may she then come down,  
 And use the same voice Sons of God employ  
 When all the morning stars ring out for joy.

Jerusalem or Babylon, the name  
 Is geared to the revolving wheel the same,  
 And both sing praises to the God of fire,  
 In Brazen Serpent and the Gorgon dire.



As Babylon with adverse signs must fall,  
 Jerusalem moves up to compass all—  
 No more can Babylon now trump her fame—  
 Her stars gone down and quench'd their spirit's  
 flame—

No more her light of candle shines at all  
 In the thick darkness of her mighty fall—  
 No voice of harpers, pipers, trumpeters  
 Shall be with wandering stars her comforters,  
 For Babylon gave up the ghost as dead  
 Beneath the splash the mighty angel made.  
 Her voice of Bridegroom, and no less the Bride  
 Are down past hearing at the eventide,  
 And in her place the blood of prophets found,  
 And all the saints who cried beneath the ground.

The stars, as prophets, did the times foretell  
 By signs in heaven and no less in hell.  
 As Babylon by sorceries did deceive,  
 Jerusalem was *our* side to believe,  
 Tho' 'Zekiel said the Lord deceivèd him  
 By calculation of the cherubim,  
 And Second Advent by the ivory gate  
 Must be content a longer time to wait,  
 And learn the Word thro' the transparent horn  
 Of the Messiah of the Virgin born,  
 Who comes with clouds as Sun of righteousness  
 With healing wings and will his people bless.

As sorcery could bind and loose by spell,  
 The heavens too could bind and loose as well,  
 And pot and kettle on each other's plane  
 Make white be black and black be white again  
 With Lamb and Serpent from foundation slain,

And so by boiling down the Spirit rise,  
And in all aspects engineer the skies.

## XIX.

Rise up O youth ! behold the morning Bride  
In purple and fine linen of her tide ;  
For tho' she sat on many waters, now,  
She is the Maid before whom angels bow.  
Arch angels hide their faces as they see  
The lovely Virgin of the mystery ;  
For now in linen, clean and white, and sweet,  
On mountain tops she sports her twinkling  
feet,

And over all her golden vest she flings  
As from her chamber she the gospel brings.  
Fill thyself quickly with the rosy wine,  
Now sparkling in her crystal cup divine—  
The cup whereby the Lord divineth well  
From topmost heaven to the lowest hell,  
For in one hour the Sky-Lord must depart,  
And leave his young Bride desolate at heart.

With rays of morning each day manifest  
Art thou O Lord ! arising from thy rest,  
And like a stong man waking from his sleep,  
With fan in hand will all the heavens sweep  
As coming forth each day through heaven's  
door,

With quick'ning spirit fully purge thy floor.

So now all things together work for good  
To those who have the highways understood.

Now voice in heaven of much people, say,  
 Be power and glory to the God of day.  
 The Lord our God has with salvation come,  
 And in due time will send the harvest home,  
 For true and righteous are his judgments seen  
 Throughout the fat kine and no less the lean ;  
 For he has judged the beasts of scarlet dame,  
 And from the high seat has cast out her name,  
 And hath avenged his servants at her hand,  
 Whose outstretched arms did compass sea and  
 land

To make one proselyte, and so she fell  
 Till she became the two-fold child of hell.

Again they said as up her smoke arose,  
 And she denuded of her scarlet clothes,  
 Ring out in alleluyas and him praise  
 Whose Day-spring visits us from ancient days,  
 And drives the Woman from her equal right  
 To find her status in eternal night.

The four and twenty and the four beasts fell,  
 And worshiped God who had come up from  
 hell ;

And now sat on the throne as the Amen,  
 And finisher of seven heads and ten,  
 Which fetched a compass to the Dragon's tail  
 When he switched off with many stars in trail ;  
 And so the saints rang out in loud hurra  
 To praise *our* God who is the Lord of day.

Then answered thus a voice from out the  
 throne,  
 Again the Spirit comes on each dry bone.

The saints are now in clothes of the great  
whore

Who sat on waters to remotest shore,  
Transfigured now to linen clean and white,  
As waves with bright face greet the morning  
light,

And mighty voices filling heaven's dome  
Proclaim the Lord, the God Almighty come.

Let us rejoice for the Almighty Sun—  
In sign of *Aries* is the holy one.

Let us rejoice and be exceeding glad  
That on this wise the gospel may be had—  
Play hide and seek in labyrinthian role  
And find the Lamb to the Amen in whole,  
And find the marriage of the Lamb must be  
To the same damsel sitting on the sea,  
But now made white and is the Bride in state  
Who in one hour had been so desolate—  
Washed in the Lamb's blood thro' the red to  
white

A Queen she sits—no widow of the night,  
For now the marriage of the Lamb is come,  
His Wife is ready to receive him home.

To her was granted she should be arrayed  
In that same raiment of the scarlet jade,  
Which now is bleached to linen white and clean,  
And seamless as the Saviour's coat had been.  
Both coat and shift were wove from top  
throughout,

And hung as curtains of the throne about,  
And all in pattern of the ancient count  
As shown to Moses in the sacred mount.

Such were the vestures of no vulgar art,  
 Sidonian maids embroidered every part,  
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,  
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.  
 Here as the Queen revolved with careful eyes  
 The various textures and the various dyes,  
 She chose a veil that shone superior far,  
 And glowed refulgent as the morning star.

The Bride's white linen and the Golden Fleece  
 Made linsey-woolsey of the garments nice,  
 The wedding-garment of the Lamb and Bride  
 So interwoven at the Whitsuntide.

So up the Milky-way the saints were led  
 To see the Lamb and Bride in white and red  
 And also rolled in many a wond'rous fold  
 Of wingèd clouds as wove with fleece of gold.  
 As Lamb and Bride, and saints come up from  
 night

And rise with God in pure and healthy white ;  
 And when on tip-toe raised in act to fly  
 Like the light pinioned angels of the sky,  
 They waved their wings, and wondrous to  
 behold,

Display each plume distinct with drops of  
 gold,

While down their backs of bright cerulean hue,  
 Loose in the winds their lovely tresses flew.  
 On eagle's wings they mount the brighter way  
 And follow on to know the Lord of day.

So keen the Sun-God ancient legends tell,  
 He saw thro' earth the wondrous depths of  
 hell.

O'er all his limbs a mottled dress he wore,  
 And in his hand a two-edged sword he bore,  
 Which cut in heaven and in hell below,  
 And cleft the Rock whence many waters flow,  
 And night and day within the wond'rous cave,  
 The Bride and Bridegroom mystic wisdom gave,  
 While flew the angels through the vast profound  
 In heaven's circuit as the times went round,  
 And witnessed Satan's seat on lower throne  
 Whose legions moved with upper, bone to bone,  
 As did the Babylon or Jesebel  
 Who was the Woman of profoundest hell.

The marriage-supper of the Lamb is when  
 The Sun in cross makes quick the sons of men,  
 And at the supper blessed too are they  
 Who move in freedom with the Lord of day—  
 That glorious freedom of the sons of God,  
 Who with all truth would do the blest abode—  
 With loins well girded out of Egypt come  
 To eat the passover in upper room.

These are the sayings of the God to you—  
 Thus saith the Lord, ye seek and find the clue  
 On earth the kingdom blending with the skies,  
 The truth reveals in wisdom of the wise  
 And their dark sayings, Paradise regain  
 With him who was from the foundation slain.

Thus when the Seer, the Teacher understood,  
 Who in arcana was the wise and good,  
 He would fall prostrate at his feet to say  
 How luminous thy works O Lord of day—

The luminary person of the sheen,  
 Was so the God-man in dramatic scene,  
 A fellow-servant of the Brethren, he,  
 To show how *Jesus* was in prophecy  
 By testimony of the stars in signs,  
 As read by prophet who by them divines.

The Sun, as Jesus, Savior too must be,  
 And the anointed One to set earth free,  
 And as he comes on white horse of the Sun,  
 He is the rider and the holy one,  
 And he is call'd the Faithful and the True  
 Who after him the host of heaven drew—  
 Like Brazen Serpent lifted up to draw  
 As from his hand there gleamed his fiery law—  
 The Sun of righteousness and chief among  
 Ten thousand saints of every clime and tongue.  
 He makes the war in heaven, earth and sea,  
 And in his circuit evermore shall be.  
 His eyes a flame of fire, and on his head  
 Were many crowns as he the heavens led.  
 He had a name so written no man knew  
 But he himself, or how to find the clue,  
 Unless he follow on to know the Lord  
 In ev'ry aspect of the hidden Word,  
 Whose hidden wisdom in so many ways,  
 Presents the landmarks of the ancient days.  
 His name was secret and past finding out  
 Thro' the glass darkly of the throne about,  
 Unless proficient in all ways that led  
 Into the fold by Ariadne's thread—  
 Th' unknown God, he yet will all things scan  
 As in the clouds he comes as Son of man,

And the archangel blows his trump so well  
'Tis heard from heaven to remotest hell.

He had a vesture which was dipp'd in blood,  
As if by him the scarlet Woman stood—  
And so she did as often as the skies  
Were cloth'd with scarlet in the fall and rise,  
As of the morning and the eventide  
To make the Harlot or the mystic Bride,  
In the full compass of God's word as spoke  
In all the bearings of the horoscope.

The sky-machine was called "The Word of  
God,"

Which they might run with who were gospel  
shod.

His armies on white horses bright and clean,  
He marshals all the fat kine and the lean,  
Which range his pasture only as he wills  
To count his cattle on a thousand hills.  
And out his mouth goes sharp two-edged sword  
To smite the nations who know not the Word,  
For he will rule them with his iron rod  
In wrath and fierceness of Almighty God,  
Who will, in vesture of the wine-press red,  
The plane of heaven or the Virgin tread.

The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords on  
high

In vesture-name the Sun has on his thigh,  
Is correspondent to the phallic name  
And like the Lord's fierce wrath breaks forth  
in flame.

An angel in the Sun is seen to stand,  
And over all the earth to wave his hand,



And with loud voice to all the fowls did cry,  
 Which, thro' the midst of all the heaven, fly,  
 Come now to supper of the great God who  
 Has gathered all flesh in his mighty stew,  
*Or pot pourri or olla podrida,*  
 To make the supper of the God of day,  
 Who, in his circuit of etherial blue,  
 Will ride the white horse Faithful and the  
 True

Against the Beast—against the Prophet false  
 Who led the heavens in their downward waltz,  
 Deceiving those who had received his mark  
 In signs from heaven with his image dark,  
 For he beneath the horizon must go  
 In signs now doomed to everlasting woe.

Both beast and prophet thus were cast alive  
 Into the pit where horse and rider strive,  
 Below the earth into that horrid lake  
 Of fire and brimstone making earth to quake,  
 'Gainst him who rides upon the Sun's white  
 horse

As he thro' all his circuit makes his course,  
 Till all the remnant with the sword are slain—  
 The Sun's mouth-sword that cuts and comes  
 again—

Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils go—  
 He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

Thus blew the nostrils of the Lord as he  
 Smoked like the Devil to the lowest sea,  
 When from his mouth there went devouring fire  
 Against the Gorgons and Chimeras dire,

And where the Dragon's fiery tail swoop'd round  
 All hell broke loose from prison under ground,  
 And rising up, they heaven's host defied—  
 Then rose the Lord and smote them far and  
     wide  
 With arrowy death, for heav'n was on his side.

## XX.

There came an angel from the upper strand,  
 Who had the Zodiacal chain in hand,  
 And of the pit that had no bottom, he,  
 To all its wonders did present the key  
 From Alpha to Omega and laid hold  
 Of that old Serpent and the Dragon bold,  
 The Devil and Satan of so many fears,  
 And bound him surely for a thousand years,  
 And cast him in the lower pit and there  
 Fast bound in prison is the Prince of air,  
 That he the nations should deceive no more  
 With seven heads up from the nether shore,  
 And ten horns blowing the archangel's trump,  
 And threatening God's hosts in the pit to  
     dump,  
 Until the thousand years should come to time  
 To every nation, kindred, tongue, and clime;  
 Then for a little season must be loose  
 To join in chorus of good Mother Goose;  
 For with the Lord the same one thousand  
     years  
 Are as one day where every season gears

With every other in the circuit round,  
Of signs above and signs below the ground.

So Samson ground in the same prison where  
Satan was sealed as Prince and power of air.  
So day has speech and night shows knowledge  
too

Where open vision has all things in view.

In upper Egypt was Asmodeus bound  
When in too close affinity was found  
With seven times wedded maid, and was cast  
out

As Jonah by the fish of under route.

In Egypt too our Lord was crucified,  
And by the cross too had the Devil died ;  
For at the day-spring, Satan must give way  
But in the fall descends the Lord of day ;  
And on the four-spoked wheel revolving round,  
The souls of those who were of Jesus found  
His witnesses, and for the word of God  
Beheaded on the plane the angels trod ;  
For the horizon as the guillotine  
May so behead souls as by prophets seen ;  
Nor less they moved in order of their state  
Without the Dragon's mark upon the pate.  
They lived and reigned with Christ a thousand  
years

Upon such wise as earth with heaven gears,  
And the same thousand of the upper way  
May quire with those of Satan kept at bay—  
Not as Colenso reckons—otherwise,  
So that the pit may voice with upper skies,

And Satan ring out with the Sons of God  
 As to and fro and up and down he trod,  
 And blew his trumpet from the pit full well  
 As damn'd archangel who was sealed in hell.

The Poet-prophet takes the Lord's own time  
 To sing his Word along in various rhyme,  
 Not in the figures of the practic'd mind,  
 But in round numbers for the Muse designed.  
 Then the Lord's cattle on a thousand hills  
 May go to pasture as the Word fulfills,  
 And in due order it may come to pass  
 The king of Babylon may go to grass.  
 And with the cattle find the bill of fare  
 By harpies spoiled, sent by the Prince of air.

The twenty thousand go-carts on the sky,  
 May tote Elijah and his horsemen high,  
 But the dead sleeping must not live again  
 Until the Lamb, from the foundation slain,  
 Has made his circuit of a thousand years,  
 And finished gearing of the seven spheres,  
 A thousand years may be as one with God  
 Or as one day the four and twenty trod,  
 For in the secret lore of ancient days,  
 The Lord had numbers in mysterious ways.

Here then will be the resurrection first,  
 The end of Satan and his realm accurst :  
 Then blest and holy those safe in the sign  
 With skirts not draggled by the hosts malign,  
 But resurrected on the upper plane,  
 The Devil takes the hindmost for his gain.

Not with the first the second death has  
home—

The first secure within the kingdom come,  
They shall be priests of God or Christ in heaven,  
And reign with him a thousand years in seven.

But when this compact thousand years expire,  
Then Satan will blaspheme an octave higher—  
Loosed out of prison he shall so deceive  
The very elect with signs they all believe,  
His harpers harping on the same old scale  
That harped out Jonah from the same old  
whale.

Four harpers hold the four winds under seal,  
Who are in quarters of the four-spoked wheel,  
But Gog and Magog have a corner there,  
Whence they will come up with the Prince of  
air,

And gather hosts to battle in array  
To fight the same old battle and to slay—  
Their number great as is the sand of sea  
To fight against the Lamb for mastery.  
So going up and over all the land,  
And counted as the number of the sand,  
They clip the saints in regions round about,  
Within the compass of the Woman stout,  
But fire from God shall come down out of  
heaven,

And them devour till at the end of seven.  
That same old Serpent called the Devil is cast  
Where fire and brimstone flame with mighty  
blast

In airs from heaven and in blasts from hell  
Where goblins damn'd for evermore must  
dwell.

Then over all appears the great white throne  
Where was the resurrection bone to bone,  
And he that sat thereon, the mighty He,  
Now laughed in heaven over earth and sea,  
As from his face the heaven fled away  
In the vicissitude of night and day,  
Nor less the earth in sharp two-edgèd talk  
Within the range, took up her bed to walk—  
No place was found for them to be at rest—  
The damn'd blasphemed, nor much the saints  
were blest

As holy, holy, night and day they cry,  
While inextinguished laughter shakes the sky  
To see the groundlings so believe by letter,  
Fast bound in bonds of every priestly fetter.

And so the dead before the God must stand—  
The books are opened by the outstretched hand;  
The dead were judged as they came forth to be  
In signs and wonders of the earth and sea ;  
And so the sea gave up its dead who were  
Sometimes below, sometimes in upper air,  
And death and hell were seen along the line  
In sextile, square and opposite and trine,  
And all were judged according to the plan  
Of old astrology applied to man.

The signs and wonders answer to the plane  
Of day and darkness, each the other's bane.  
So death and hell were cast in lake of fire  
Which only non-elect could well respire,

For if not found within the book of seven,  
 They were cut off, no lodge for them in heaven,  
 But in some contiguity of shade  
 That for the nonce the second death had made—  
 Saved as by fire within the lake to dwell  
 Till tribulation brings them out of hell.

Another race the following spring supplies—  
 They fall successive, and successive rise—  
 So roll the heavens—in their course decay,  
 But new again when old things pass away.  
 Behold, new heaven and new earth I make  
 When rent the temple by a great earthquake.

## XXI.

And now the heaven is swept supremely  
 clean—  
 The Sun with fan is brilliant in his sheen—  
 The Virgin too is lovely to behold,  
 So rich and rare in orient pearl and gold,  
 And in new heaven twined with a new earth,  
 That as the one, so has the other birth—  
 And she comes down in Day-spring from on  
 high,  
 The blue-eyed maiden of the new-born sky.  
 First heaven and first earth have passed away,  
 Yet the slain Lamb is still the Lord of day,  
 In resurrection from the death and hell  
 Where that old Serpent and the Devil dwell.  
 So the new sea is not as was before,

When the great Woman sat upon its shore—  
 Passed with the old things, she is seen no  
 more.

Her harp hung on the willow, nor can sing  
 The do Paen to the new Day-spring,  
 As when by Babylon she there sat down  
 And sang the old song with so much renown  
 When on its waters she in beauty shone,  
 And deemed all riches of the earth her own ;  
 But now a widow in the shades she wept,  
 And would, ere life, she had forever slept.  
 Like Niobe she weeps a deluge now—  
 No more in clouds the Lord will set his bow—  
 Her eyes now rain the everlasting tears  
 To float the Ark through the one thousand  
 years.

So Mary Magdalen in mystic seven  
 Who loved so much that she shall be forgiven—  
 She wiped the Lord's feet with her streaming  
 hair

As from the clouds he trod earth, sea, and air.

So Argine Helen, tender-hearted maid  
 Loved much, not wisely, in the mode she  
 strayed,

But from her tender eyes ran waters deep,  
 Nor would the Gods give their beloved sleep.

Would heaven, ere all these dreadful deeds  
 were done,

The day that showed me to the golden Sun,  
 Had seen my death ! Why did not whirlwinds  
 bear

The fatal infant to the fowls of air ?



Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,  
And 'midst the roaring of the waters died?

So too in doleful dumps sang Jeremiah  
God in his heart and all his bones on fire—  
The Spirit rushing so he could not stay,  
But sang the Lord, yet cursed the fatal day  
Wherein his mother bare him to the light,  
So much the better the prenatal night.  
Cursed be the man that to my father brought  
The tidings that a man-child had been wrought—  
So good the news, it made him very glad—  
A Son and not a girl to make him sad.

O let that man now hear the morning cry,  
Nor less the shouting at the noontide sky,  
Because he slew me not then at the birth,  
And I had gone the way of all the earth,  
Or that my mother might have been my grave  
Ere I, with a thus saith the Lord, to save.

O Lord thou hast deceived me, and I swear  
Thou art no better than the Prince of air.

If from beginning he has been a lie,  
What better is it when your Word I cry?  
When so set forth with violence and spoil  
That they who listen, laugh at me the while?  
In vain to threaten them with God's fierce  
wrath,

Who will not turn aside from out his path  
For any gauge of prayer, nor will hear  
The cry, Lord, Lord to bring his kingdom near.  
Then wherefore came I forth from out the womb  
Where so much better it had been my tomb,

And so said Job who had preferr'd to dwell  
In nothingness than in this living hell.

So too of old did Jacob's children cry  
When they were fed on manna from the sky,  
And would to God they had in Egypt died  
Where there was plenty of baked, stewed, and  
fried,

And they remember the Egyptian fish  
Which they partook of from a lordly dish—  
The leeks, the onions, cucumbers and all  
Which from twelve baskets there profusely fall,  
But now our soul is dried away, we stand  
Here somewhat doubtful of the promis'd land,  
And as for Moses, we wot not of him  
Since he has gone up to the cherubim,  
And Mike and Satan for his body strive,  
The one in seven and the other five.

The Lord heard this—his anger kindled hot  
That more than him they lov'd the Egyptian  
pot;

They thought the Lord's hand had wax'd  
short, nor would

Give them the early and the latter food,  
But now he came down in a cloud and spake  
To seventy elders for the people's sake,  
And they shall see whether or no the Word  
Shall come to pass as spoken by the Lord.

A wind went forth then from the Lord and  
brought

A cloud of quails within the meshes caught

Till two feet high upon the camp they laid,  
 The strong meat thus upon God's table spread,  
 As per Colenso two feet half or more  
 The Lord's hand measur'd than th' Egyptian  
     score,

And when they lusted after this strong meat,  
 The Lord smote them before their teeth could  
     eat :

And then in Rama was a bitter cry  
 Of lamentation over all the sky.  
 And Rachel weeping for her lost would not  
 Be comforted for children gone to pot.  
 But God shall wipe away all tears from them  
 As they go up to New Jerusalem,  
 And there shall be no more of death, nor cry,  
 Nor sorrow from the adamantine sky,  
 For the old things are so let up that they  
 Go with the kingdom and the Lord obey ;  
 And so the Holy City may put in  
 Her new appearance with her veil so thin,  
 That as she comes, the model artist Bride  
 Of the new heaven and new earth and tide,  
 She is from God adorn'd and beautiful  
 In wedding garment, and will thus annul  
 The old year's clothes in yellow leaf and sere,  
 For the new clothing of the kingdom near.  
 So Flora with the Sons of God shall sing,  
 In all the various colors of the spring,  
 Her Sun belovèd, and the Holy Ghost  
 Breathe Sabaen odors from the spicy coast

Of Araby the blest—all heaven rings  
 With the glad tidings that the new year brings.  
 The trump of God thro' heaven and hell is blown  
 That he will make the promis'd land his own—  
 That he with men upon the earth will dwell  
 And keep the Dragon and his host in hell.  
 His tabernacle in the Sun shall be,  
 And so on earth to the remotest sea,  
 Be thus the Sun of righteousness with wings  
 To heal his children of all grievous things—  
 Be to his children the belovèd Sun,  
 Well pleas'd for them his giant race to run,  
 And wipe away all tears from weeping eyes  
 As he goes flaming thro' the liquid skies,  
 And wet Orion shall dry up, nor vex  
 The Red-Sea coast and sailors there perplex.  
 No more of crying, death, or sorrow there,  
 For fled the sky, the Prince of power and air,  
 Nor his black wings shall flap in midnight-gale  
 But halcyon days on sea and land prevail ;  
 For all the former things are pass'd away,  
 And all things made new by the Lord of day ;  
 And true and faithful ever are these words,  
 With finger written by the Lord of Lords—  
 The Alpha and Omega of the sky,  
 Whose forehead gleams with the all-seeing  
     Eye ;  
 Or he may look with eyes in number seven  
 Throughout the circuit of the cope of heaven  
 As to and fro, and up and down, he goes  
 To save his children from all future woes.

To him athirst, he will give water free  
 And bread from heaven in his ministry,  
 Nor shall Elias shut the heaven up  
 While with the Lord, we in his kingdom sup.  
 Who overcomes, he shall all things inherit,  
 Imbibe the Word in fullness of the Spirit,  
 And taste the Lord that he is gracious when  
 Fresh fields and pastures new so come again.  
 The Lord will be his God and he his Son  
 In seven wonders of the Holy One,  
 Whose seven seals may all things so fast bind  
 That only the elect the Word can find,  
 Whose various combination will supply  
 In various form, the earth, and sea, and sky,  
 While they, who in the lower signs do move,  
 Shall have short commons from the God of  
 love—

Be rather crispy in the burning lake  
 Where fire and brimstone do their morsel  
 bake—

The *morsus diaboli*, baked or fried  
 In Egypt where our Lord was crucified ;  
 For the abominable who have done evil  
 Must take their prison-fare now with the Devil.

Now one of seven angels of the Word  
 Will show in full the coming of the Lord—  
 The summing up thro' seven phases well—  
 The wicked done for and turned into hell—  
 The seven vials full all emptied out  
 From seven standpoints of the throne about—  
 The seals are opened on the upper side  
 To show the Lamb's Wife in the Virgin-Bride.

And now inducted to the high degree,  
 With open vision more the scribe can see  
 Of him who was, and is, and is to be  
 In St. John's drama of Free Masonry ;  
 And in the Spirit up high mountain go,  
 Where panorama will the angel show  
 Of heaven above, nor less the earth below—  
 How on revolving wheel Jerusalem  
 Above, may come down with her diadem,  
 Or crown of twelve stars lighting all her zone  
 In Zodiac circle of the golden throne.  
 She has the glory of the God of heaven—  
 From Stone most precious was her light so  
 given—

The sapphire stone which seventy elders saw,  
 And brightly shining in Mosaic law—  
 The Stone of Israel where the Shepherd-Sun  
 Has led his people since the world begun—  
 In all the brightness of the Holy One—  
 The Rock of our salvation so to stand  
 In every aspect of the Holy Land.  
 Who builds upon this Rock the same should be  
 In all the Wisdom of the mystery,  
 And building thus, see that the gates of hell  
 Against this Wisdom never can prevail.  
 The Sun is Pastor of the many sheep  
 Who follow him and hear his voice to keep.

So young *Adonis* kept his flock so fair  
 And with keen darts could wound the polar  
 Bear,

And hunt the beasts of prey along the plain,  
 And slay the Boar as was the Dragon slain—  
 The winding Serpent wound around the Pole  
 Where heaven rolls together as a scroll.

From flaming walls and seven stages high,  
 Each mythic Hero engineers the sky—  
 Goes up the Ladder that old Jacob saw  
 When he in harness did the Zodiac draw,  
 And angels going up would see the Lord,  
 And from his mystic scroll receive the Word  
 According to the pattern in the mount  
 With all the mystic numbers in the count  
 Where Jacob is the circle of the whole  
 In Nature-worship of the mystic role.

Twelve signs of heaven too must have twelve  
 gates,  
 And at each entrance there an angel waits  
 To roll the great stone from the temple door  
 As oft the Sun shall come to purge the floor.  
 The angel rolls the stone from off his tomb  
 As he comes up dispersing all the gloom,  
 And life immortal thus will bring to light  
 As he arises from the tomb of night—  
 The women first to greet when he shall rise,  
 Are those same women of the living skies.

The Zodiac signs bare each an angel's name,  
 And Jacob's children may be read the same  
 In moving panorama of the sky  
 As all are harness'd to the Sun and fly  
 With him in state upon the wings of wind,  
 With eyes before nor less with eyes behind.

In heaven's kingdom each instructed scribe  
 Can trace all Israel as he scans each tribe—  
 So the new city, with foundations strong,  
 Is on the twelve that to the old belong—  
 The same sign-gates within the quarters four,  
 Which make the seasons neither less nor more—  
 Th' eternal doors, the God of glory opes  
 In all the aspects of the horoscopes.  
 And thus the twelve apostles of the Lamb  
 Shall judge the twelve tribes of the great "I  
 am"—

The King of glory lift the gates on high,  
 And joy diffuse to earth and sea and sky.  
 Adepts shall have the keys and know their use  
 To open heaven or let hell break loose,  
 And had the princes of this world knew how  
 The Lord came down and did the heavens bow,  
 They had not crucified the Lord of glory  
 As he was set forth in the ancient story.

So the twelve signs in a new year disclose  
 How a new Sun to a new world arose—  
 And how a world was lost and how renew'd  
 As from the Ancient of the days pursu'd,  
 And so the Shepherd-Lamb of the white flock  
 Would bring salvation from the higher Rock,  
 Which gush'd with many waters from on high  
 Thro' seven windows of the liquid sky.

So all to Moses in the cloud and sea  
 Were thus baptiz'd within the mystery,  
 And ate and drank of the same spiritual Rock  
 That to so many is a stumbling-block—



The Rock of Christ or Moses as you will,  
 That from beginning can the Word fulfil ;  
 But Rock man Peter stumbled in the way,  
 Not knowing how in parable to play,  
 Or sing the song of Moses and the Lamb  
 Ere Abram was, and is, in now "I am,"  
 And thus as Satan, he must go behind,  
 Because he was blind leader of the blind.

And now the angel of the Word to speed,  
 Had in his hand the mystic golden reed  
 Wherewith to measure city, walls, and gates,  
 And all the gearing of the starry fates.

The city luminous is seen four square  
 As the sure words of prophecy declare—  
 Its wondrous walls where strode the cherubim  
 Around the City which was built for Him  
 Who with ten thousand saints with law in hand,  
 Will pass the Jordan to the happy land,  
 And in white robes ascend the Milky Way  
 To find the white throne of the God of day—  
 Will pass those famous walls as seen on *Sun-*  
*day*

As the *flammanitia moeni mundi*,  
 On which the house not made with hands will  
 rise,

Rear'd by the Architect of all the skies,  
 Who built the temple in and out so well  
 As Master Builder from the depths of hell  
 By evolution from the old hard pan,  
 In grandeur rising for the Son of man,  
 And for his Wife, the lovely Virgin, who  
 With eagle's wings so from the Dragon flew

With her man-child then waiting to be born  
The Lord of glory in the Day-spring morn.

Foundations garnish'd with all precious  
stones,

Twelve gates, twelve pearls, so wrought with  
the twelve thrones

For twelve Apostles who shall judge each sign  
In all the fullness of the God divine.

Each gate a pearl, the city street pure gold,  
And all upholst'ry wond'rous to behold.

The Swan along the Milky-Way in flight,  
Spreads her white wings o'er all the realms of  
night.

It is God's temple and no other there,  
And no admission for the Prince of air ;  
For God Almighty in his sign the Lamb,  
Can fill the temple of the great "I am ;"  
But till the sun has passed the vernal line,  
He is not in the seven-sealed book divine,  
Nor in the City can passover eat  
Of bread from heaven and the kingdom's meat.

When in his temple, let the earth rejoice—  
The Bride belovèd then will hear his voice.  
The Sun will clothe her in sweet linen clean  
As she comes forth in roseate morning sheen  
So great God's glory, there would seem no need  
Of Sun and Moon with precious things to feed,  
For God and Lamb in so much glory dwell,  
They light the temple to the verge of hell.  
No need of Sun, or Moon, or candle when  
The day-star rises in the souls of men.

So all the nations sav'd walk in the light,  
 And add their glory to the heavens bright.  
 The temple gates shall not be shut by day,  
 So large the opening of the solar way,  
 But naught shall enter in that doth defile—  
 Not even Paul who caught the saints with  
     guile,  
 And deem'd if grace of God did more abound  
 Thro' lies he would not be a sinner found.

'Tis thought St. John had St. Paul in his eye  
 As of those Jews who are not, but do lie.  
 So none could enter in upon this wise  
 Who were not sealed for mansions in the skies,  
 And in the Lamb's book written free of lies,  
 And in all Truth wherewith the Lamb makes  
     free  
 In measure full of heaven, earth and sea.

## XXII.

Thro' the transparent firmamental glass,  
 The life's pure river now is seen to pass,  
 Proceeding from the throne of God and Lamb  
 Along the Milky-Way of the "I am,"  
 With milk for babes and stronger meat for  
     men  
 As each may find in seven heads or ten—  
 The saints secure along the milky street,  
 Find all the bitter waters are made sweet,  
 Where honey flowing with the milk supplies  
 The many rivers of the liquid skies—

Six water pots of water turn'd to wine,  
 And God made manifest in ev'ry sign.  
 The Tree of Life, or Nature in her whole,  
 Speaks as the signs, within her circuit-role,  
 And her twelve branches of the Tree do yield  
 The mystic twelve fruits of the various field.  
 Whate'er the month brings forth, so is the  
 fruit—

The twelve limbs branching from the Serpent's  
 root.

In Eden too the same Tree may be found,  
 Where from its roots the same old Serpent  
 wound

Up thro' the limbs till he reached flowery Eve,  
 And thus did Satan all the world deceive—  
 Transform'd to light thro' ev'ry gate ajar,  
 He links with Jesus in the Morning-Star.

Whate'er the Tree with all its foliage brings,  
 So is the Sun with healing in his wings,  
 The Saviour of the nations, and the horn  
 Of plenty, full to all the people born—  
 So is the horn of our salvation come  
 With Virgin-Mary to the harvest home.  
 The Queen of heaven with her silver spoon  
 Shall do the boys with plenty from the Moon.  
 Jemima too, as handsome as the day,  
 May pensive walk along the King's highway,  
 And Kerren-happuch with her horn so full  
 May take the horses of the Sun to pull,  
 And balmy breathing from the Sabaen shore,  
 See Kesia come with all her sweets in store.

No more the curse shall be from Serpent's  
 root,  
 But ev'ry year shall bring its twelve of fruit—  
 The signs extended from the older ten,  
 Which once had measur'd all the tithing men—  
 So all things measur'd with the three and seven  
 Were duly mingled with the Woman's leaven.  
 The throne of God with Milky-Way and  
 Lamb,  
 Shall have foundations on the broad-back  
 Ram—  
 The large place now wherein the Lamb shall  
 feed  
 His people Israel as they have need.  
 His starry servants day and night shall serve,  
 Nor from the highway of the signs shall swerve;  
 But as the Sun and Moon and Stars had done  
 To Tauro-Joseph of the early Sun—  
 So angel-spirits of the flaming Word  
 In same signs follow on to know the Lord,  
 While Satan with his brimstone ladle full,  
 Shall feed the groundling or wayfaring fool.  
 With Lamb revolving, they his face shall see,  
 And bear his Cross-mark over earth and sea—  
 The vernal cross-mark or passover sign  
 As pass'd the Ram the equinoctial line—  
 So on their foreheads the sign-mark shall be—  
 The Lamb has triumph'd and his people free—  
 The same old triumph of Jehovah when  
 He led thro' by-ways all the sons of men,  
 And called his Child from out of Egypt so

He should not stay among the shades below  
 Where he among them had been crucified  
 As in the drama solar heroes died.

The day's at hand when there shall be no  
 night,

No need of candle nor of Sun to light,  
 The days so lengthen'd that the twilight sheen  
 Shall from the west verge to the east be seen,  
 For light in darkness of the ways divine

*Lucus a non lucendo* so can shine,  
 And they forever with the Lord shall reign  
 And judge the twelve tribes o'er and o'er again,  
 The Day-star in the soul shall so arise  
 That the proficient shall read all the skies.

But not the darkness shall so comprehend  
 How all things work together to the end  
 For those who love the Lord and persevere  
 In ev'ry aspect of the day and year.

These to the holy city thus go up—  
 Eat the passover with the Lord and sup  
 Within the Father's Kingdom of the vine  
 Where pots of water were turn'd into wine,  
 And so Jehovah in his sign the Ram,  
 Shall be forever as the one "I am."

Yet even this with old things pass away—  
 Another sign is up with Lord of day,  
 And Dragon, Sun-God, in the Fishes' sign,  
 Is in the Lord's place eating bread and wine,  
 For by precession he has progress made  
 Since he was stump'd along the lower grade.

Faithful and true appears this word of God  
 Within the veil where flaming spirits trod,  
 Where each in sign was prophet of the Word—  
 An angel to the servants of the Lord,  
 To show how things must shortly come to pass  
 Of him who is to come, and is, and was—  
 Who will come quickly with his time and tide,  
 And blest is he who will this Book abide,  
 And keep the sayings of this prophecy,  
 God's Word in horoscopus of the sky,  
 As thro' his medium John who saw these things,  
 And from the heaven thus his message brings.

An unflesh'd spirit of the human race,  
 Could this way help him in his day of grace.  
 Whatever heard, whatever had been seen  
 The prophet-medium was the go-between  
 To see with natural or with spiritual eye  
 What was above and what below the sky.  
 What Hierophant, or what angel taught,  
 Was worthy worship, so the medium thought,  
 Because he show'd the many things unknown  
 Of unknown God who sat upon the throne.

Thus saith the Spirit, see ye not that I  
 Am fellow-servant of the ways on high,  
 And of the Brethren who have gone before  
 And kept the sayings of this Book in store?—  
 The word of God as seen throughout the plan  
 By prophets spoken since the world began—  
 To each instructed scribe, it has been given  
 To show on earth the Kingdom as in heaven.  
 So worship God who all in all the same,

The living Saviour in the Sun-God name.  
 His Virgin-Bride within the living word  
 Will make the cross in bi-sex of the Lord,  
 And *Jesus* be the only name to *save*,  
 And in the last days raise up from the grave.

Seal not the sayings of the prophecy—  
 The Book is open to the anointed eye—  
 The time at hand that old things pass away,  
 And Sun and Bride present the newer day  
 With its fresh fields and pastures new and  
 land

Of milk and honey from the Lord at hand  
 In resurrection from the Christmas sky,  
 And gloomy land where all had seemed to die.

Let him with ears to hear, hark from the  
 tomb

A doleful sound as 'twere the crack of doom,  
 And living men may come and view the  
 ground

Where laid the Saviour in the depths profound,  
 Now coming quickly and with his reward  
 To ev'ry one with sharp two-edged sword,  
 To give each man according to his work  
 Each one should do, nor any man can shirk,  
 And they not up in good work to the height,  
 To greet the Bridegroom in his chamber bright,  
 Must be left out, and in their Kingdom come  
 Be much in darkness of their lower room.

The solar Alpha and Omega round  
 Will soon or late bring them above the  
 ground,



But blest are they who his commandments do  
 That they the Tree of Life may have right to,  
 And thro' the city gates may enter in  
 To all the riches of the magazine,  
 Baptiz'd and cloth'd in linen white and clean ;  
 But none who love gross things and make a lie  
 Can be admitted to the upper sky,  
 And from the Kingdom they are thus cast out  
 Nor shine in glory of the throne about,  
 But they must wallow in the miry clay  
 Till they come forth to walk the better way—  
 So the "without" and not initiate,  
 Will not know how these things to ventilate.

So says the Saviour on the kingdom's plane,  
 As is the work so is the loss or gain.

I, Jesus, of the Spirit testify  
 And send my angel who will speak as I.

As Lucifer, the bright and Morning Star,  
 May be transform'd, so Root and offspring are,  
 And key of David will unlock the whole  
 Of heav'n transcribed on the risen soul.  
 Come, saith the Spirit, and the Bride say, come  
 Thro' all this highway and the long way  
 home :

But found at last, the open door to heaven,  
 Who comes with much, so much the more is  
 given.

So seek and ye shall find the open door,  
 See God of Israel on the sapphire floor,  
 And his ten thousand saints, the starry host  
 Baptiz'd with water and the Holy Ghost—

Made fresh and healthy when so wash'd and  
fann'd,

To breathe the sweetness of the Holy Land.

Let him that heareth say, Come, if he can  
Thro' all the maze, but not without a plan.

Let him that is athirst seek on and come  
To living waters of large upper room.

Let him the water freely take of life

And find the Bride a very wondrous Wife,

In fulness of her wardrobe rich and rare

Of that same Day-spring so above compare.

Let no man take a link from out the chain—  
For as it was, so it shall be again.

All Nature is this Book of prophecy,

And speaks the Word of earth, and sea, and  
sky.

No man can add or take from her these things,  
But will find plagues, if from her law he  
swings ;

For God and Nature speak no less the same,  
Whate'er the sign or symbol of his name.

So much as man departs the rightful way

So much he loses from the Star of day—

So much he loses from the Book of Life—

So much is wounded in the deadly strife ;

For in the heart the Sun must also rise

By living upward to the blessed skies.

The judgment comes, no matter what the  
name—

Be it Lord Jesus or Amen—the same,

The law that judges in the moral frame

According to the light that each may have,  
 And so is Saviour in each one to save,  
 The Day-star in the soul and Holy One  
 Who shines in heaven as the heating Sun.

## XXIII.

Such was the Root a hundred years before  
 There were four gospels added to the score  
 To make the song of Moses and the Lamb  
 The Amen and beginning of "I am,"  
 Who was, and is, and is to come the same  
 As when personified in ancient name  
 Of "Nature's Theocratic Aspect," and,  
 The Sun was Saviour from the promised land.

Behold the Man—the Branch of the same  
 Tree

Which grew in fulness of the Deity  
 From Eden to the New Jerusalem  
 With its twelve fruits, so wonderful to men  
 From Root of David and from Jesse's stem,  
 Whose leaves heal'd nations, leaves that did  
 abound

With subtle extracts of the Word so found.

The birth of Jesus now was on this wise—  
 His mother Mary of the Day-spring skies  
 Was link'd to *Joseph* in the *Tauric* sign  
 Who had been leader of the seven kine.

She in due time as seen on Jacob's coast,  
 Was found to be with child by Holy Ghost.  
 Then Joseph on this wise a proper man  
 Must part with Mary on the mythic plan.

See Cox and Inman for the way to do  
 The mystic Virgins, and to find the clue  
 To read the Hebrew as the Aryan sky  
 In fulness of the Godhead bodily.  
 See Esdras where no man upon the earth  
 Can see the Son save in the Day-spring birth.

The eye thus single shall be full of light  
 To see the Saviour in his birth from night,  
 So laid in swaddling clothes as when the Dawn  
 Or Virgin comes to usher in the morn,  
 And soon with her appears the Holy One  
 Seal'd in the Book of seven seals—The Sun.

The Dawn first at the sepulchre or tomb,  
 The nimbly-springing Myrinna in bloom—  
 With dewy feet she skips on lofty mound,  
 And in the plain that may be run around.

Now in a dream an angel of the Lord  
 Was sent to Joseph to fulfil the Word  
 As spoke the prophets since the world began  
 To blend the heavens with the ways of man.  
 So dreams in Homer are such *persons* too  
 Whereby the Word comes with dissolving view.  
 The Wife or Virgin interwove the same,  
 Conceives by Holy Ghost and glowing flame,  
 For thus our God is the Consuming Fire  
 As upward to the throne he does aspire.  
 So the free soul aspiring to the height  
 Of Nature and unclouded fields of light,  
 Will with the Highest take the solar road  
 And like old Enoch will he walk with God.

The Child is *Jesus* and the *name* shall save  
 As in the new birth he comes out the grave—

So spoken by the prophet, so fulfill'd  
 As read in spirit where the letter kill'd—  
 So spoken of the Lord who was to come  
 And have his Kingdom in large upper room.  
 A Virgin is with child and she shall bring  
 Him forth in all the panoply of spring—  
 Himself the Day-spring and Emmanuel,  
 Or “God with us” to save from gloomy hell  
 Where saints long time beneath the altar lie  
 And with loud voice, How long, O Lord ! they  
 cry.

So Joseph rising from his season's sleep  
 Where he in dreams did nightly vigils keep,  
 Must, as the angel of the Lord had bid,  
 Now keep the Virgin whom he would have hid  
 Till she had brought forth so her first-born Son,  
 For so by Jesus is the Kingdom won  
 In sign of *Aries*, the celestial Ram,  
 To save his people as the great “I am.”

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Whether at Christmas or at Day-spring morn,  
 Or from the night or Serpent's root is born,  
 The young child Jesus by the wise men seen  
 Is God of Israel in glorious sheen—  
 Lays in the swaddling-clothes of new-born sky  
 Wrought in each wardrobe of the signs on  
 high—  
 Lays in the manger of the seven kine,  
 And brings from heaven both the corn and  
 wine.

Where is he then whose Mother is the Dawn,  
 The roseate Virgin of the dewy morn?  
 For in the East we sure have seen his Star  
 In flaming glory o'er the nations far,  
 Born King of Jews and all the holy land—  
 His Kingdom coming and the Lord at hand.  
 We come to worship him who from old time  
 Is Ancient of Days and King of Kings sublime—  
 The Sun-Christ of old things now passed away,  
 And now new-risen as the Lord of day.

In Bethlehem of Juda Christ is born,  
 The "house of bread" and store of wine and  
 corn ;

For so the Seer of sev'n months fatted kine,  
 Knew Christ in season of the corn and wine.  
 In Bethlehem the Governor shall rise  
 And rule his people of the new-born skies.  
 What time the Star appear'd, the wise men  
 knew

As he in wisdom and in stature grew.

They sought the young Child where he might  
 be found,

In upper room or cave beneath the ground,  
 And lo the Star which they saw in the East  
 Went on before them and stood in the West,  
 Then came again to Easter gate or morn  
 Where from the Maid the young child must be  
 born ;

Or he as Bridegroom from his chamber rise,  
 The giant Ruler of the living skies,  
 For there were giants in those days to stand  
 In apt relations to the holy land,

As Nimrod hunting thus before the Lord  
To know the aspects of the living Word.

So sons of God, when they saw damsels fair,  
Swoop'd down from heaven by the Prince of air,  
And chose them wives and mighty men begat  
To work in wisdom of the lean and fat.

So Gabriel could for the Virgin come  
And make her welcome to the upper room  
As highly favor'd of the Highest, and  
To be house-keeper of the holy land,  
As sang the psalmist of the Woman who  
Was joyful Mother of the Lord to do,  
The barren mother of such children as  
Who did not know the him who is, and was ;  
But when the wise men saw the coming child  
From out the antres vast and deserts wild,  
By horoscopus then they knew the Star  
And with great joy, rejoic'd exceeding far.  
The sons of God made all the welkin ring,  
Nor less the morning stars glad tidings bring  
Of that same young one of the morning Bride,  
The Maid and Mother with the time and tide.  
Cloth'd with the Sun, she rose in red or white,  
Or cloth'd in sable vesture of the night,  
Crown'd with twelve Stars—the Moon beneath  
her feet,

So she comes up, the sons of God to greet—  
With child she travails till the morning birth  
Shall gladden all her children of the earth.

The Lord was worship'd as the golden One—  
Thro' shades transfigur'd to the whitest Sun,

As when Olympus' shining gates unfold,  
The God with Jove, assume their thrones of  
gold,

The twelve signs or the seats of the twelve Gods  
Who have their bounds along the solar roads,  
As Jacob's children judging the twelve thrones  
Within the temple built of sapphire stones,  
And twelve apostles were to judge the same  
When they in order to the kingdom came.

The youthful Virgin of the day or spring  
Will first on mountains the glad tidings bring  
Of the great joy to all the people round  
As she steps blushing on the holy ground  
With dewy feet so exquisitely clean,  
And treads the wine-press of the morning sheen.  
So did the Virgin of the Hebrew sky  
Swing round the circle with Jehovah nigh,  
Who tints the Virgin in the twilight red  
With morning blushes when the night is fled,  
Nor less his vesture dipp'd in blood doth shine  
Thro' horizontal misty air divine ;  
With various lustre various colors vie,  
The shining whiteness and the Tyrian dye,  
Nor less the coats of many colors when  
The Lord God made them for the sons of men.

Thro' cloudy canopy Shekinah gleams,  
And speaks from heaven and no less in dreams ;  
Thus a dream-angel of the Lord appears  
And rouses Joseph with alarming fears—  
Bids him arise—the Child and Mother take  
And flee to Egypt for the good Lord's sake,



For Herod seeks the young child to destroy  
And make those weep who had exceeding joy.

So he arose, took mother and young child  
By night thro' antres vast and deserts wild.  
Till death of Herod, they in Egypt staid,  
And so was fulfilled what the prophets said,  
That out of Egypt have I called my Son  
The Sun of righteousness and Holy One—  
That same night-Egypt where the Sun must  
dwell

When he descends to make his bed in hell.

So Joseph's dream as in old Egypt's sign  
The Sun and Moon and eleven stars did shine  
And make obeisance to the young child then  
As to the young child who is born again  
As often as from the foundation slain—  
Re-incarnation in the mythic speech,  
But not the same that modern scribes do teach.

When Herod saw himself by wise men done  
In horoscopus of the young child-Sun,  
He was much wroth, and all the children slew  
In Bethlehem of the dissolving view,  
From two years old and under to the time  
The wise men mock'd him with the King  
sublime.

In Wisdom's ways the Word was thus  
fulfill'd  
By Jerry spoken of the children kill'd,  
And Rachel weeping from her streaming eyes  
In the outpouring from enshrouded skies.

Hence all these tears down her sad face roll'd  
large,

As her voice rung out with each loud discharge  
Of bellowing thunder thro' the vault of heaven  
Till her sad bosom by the bolts were riven.

So wept Niobe in the melting mood  
For all her children till she made a flood,  
And then was turned to stone no more to feel  
Such sad necessity her woes to heal ;  
And so Lot's Wife was turned to salt when she  
Was not in order of God's wrath to flee.

But Herod dead, an angel of the Lord  
Again in dream shows how to take the Word  
With mother and young child into the land  
Where first the wise men saw the Star to  
stand,

For they are dead who sought the young child's  
life

And he must lead up from the land of strife.

So Joseph with the mother and the urchin  
Went up the coast where David sought the  
Virgin,

Whose Son was from the Root of David so  
To save from present and the future woe,  
But Joseph moving on the dream-wise plane  
Was warn'd of God to take another train,  
So turn'd aside to parts of Galilee,

And came and dwelt in city of the sea,  
And thus in aptness of dramatic scene  
Becomes the *person* call'd the Nazarene ;

And so by prophets was fulfill'd again  
In him who was from the foundation slain.

Thus Jacob's daughter in the wine press trod  
By the Jehovah on the solar road,  
Was Virgin-Mother of the Sun of God.

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'Twas in these days that John the Baptist came  
As precedent to Christ of greater flame.  
John was the firstling from the winter's sign,  
Before the water had been turn'd to wine.  
He preached repentance to renew the land,  
For heaven's kingdom was in signs at hand.  
Isaiah had spoken in the season's voice  
As the glad tidings made the earth rejoice.  
From out the wilderness they hear the Word—  
Prepare the way for him, the shining Lord,  
For wet Orion and the baptist John  
Are on the margin of the moving throne,  
To see God coming in each day's increase  
As Lamb and Saviour with the Golden Fleece.

In bright apparel was this Son of man  
Who like a giant o'er the heaven ran.  
A golden girdle girt his paps about  
As from the lower deep he issued out  
A wonder to behold with two-edg'd sword  
As from his mouth there leap'd the living  
Word,  
And from his nostrils smoke so mixt with fire  
That Satan fled before the wrathful Sire.

So John baptizing warn'd the pharisee  
From the full vengeance of God's wrath to  
flee ;

For to the root of trees the axe is laid,  
And father Abraham and his are play'd,  
While he who comes is mightier than I,  
Nor in his sandals can I tread the sky.  
He shall baptizè with Holy Ghost and fire,  
Who rules in heaven as the Son or Sire—  
Whose fan in hand will fully purge the floor,  
His wheat will garner and his chaff abhor.

As comes the Sun-God up from wat'ry skies,  
So John dramatic must the Lord baptize.  
As from the water he goes up straightway,  
The heavens open for the Lord of day.  
The Holy Ghost descending like a dove,  
On the Sun rested as the God of love,  
Who heaven and earth anew did impregnate,  
And yet the Virgin was immaculate.  
Again from heaven there was heard the voice  
That made the Stars and sons of God rejoice.

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As Jesus, John, and Holy Ghost so far  
Move in the drama of the eastern Star,  
So now another on the stage is come  
To move in circuit of the starry dome—  
That same old Serpent of the mythic guise  
Who, with the Godhead garnishes the skies ;  
He tempts the Sun-God, who, at Christmas cast  
Into hell's belly forty days must fast

Ere he from heaven gives the new year's bread,  
 Who was in desert by the Spirit led.  
 As Jona in Whale's belly, so had he  
 Been in the Fish-sign of the mystery.

The Sun was hungry, for not yet in sign  
 To eat the bread with meat of fatted kine  
 On Rock of our salvation, for not yet  
 Was in his kingdom from the heavy wet  
 To fill twelve baskets, nor the coming seven  
 Whose kingdom blended with the Woman's  
 leaven.

Then to the Sun the Tempter came and said ;  
 Command these stones that they be turned to  
 bread,

For flaming spirits are in lively stones,  
 Nor of cold pieces make they any bones.  
 If thou be Son of God then this command  
 As not more difficult on holy land  
 Than 'tis to turn the water into wine  
 Thro' horizontal misty air divine.

And then the Saviour unto Satan said,  
 Man shall not live by any special bread,  
 But eat of all things from abundant store  
 Let down from heaven through its open door,  
 Fish, flesh, and fowl and all the creeping things  
 The scribe instructed from his treasure brings,  
 By ev'ry word from out the mouth of God,  
 So man must live to reach the blest abode,  
 Thus all the seasons in the lump will blend  
 From the beginning to the latter end,  
 And the Redeemer in his place shall stand  
 His wheat to garner in the promis'd land.

The Devil takes him to the Temple's top  
 Sets him on pinnacle the clouds to prop,  
 Or if cast down from off so high a throne,  
 He should not dash his foot against a stone—  
 The Stone of Israel which the angels bear  
 Thro' all the skydom with the Prince of air,  
 And so the Serpent and the harmless Dove,  
 Embrace all kingdoms from the mount above.

So Satan takes our Saviour up to show  
 Him from the mountain all the things below—  
 Shows him how all the kingdoms of the  
 world

Are in the Serpent's fold and circuit curl'd,  
 And promis'd them to that same young Child  
 born,

The Sun of new year and the early morn,  
 If he would worship him, the Prince of night,  
 Who on the sky may be transform'd to light  
 As Lucifer the bright and Morning Star  
 In change of front to slip thro' gates ajar.

And then our Saviour in his aspect bright  
 Speaks the sure word against the Prince of  
 night—

Get thee behind me Satan, for 'tis writ  
 That the Omega must the Alpha fit,  
 To make the song of Moses and the Lamb  
 As sang from old things to the new "I am."

The Devil left him and the angels came,  
 The ministers of the consuming flame,  
 As sign succeeded sign on Jacob's coasts  
 And he who led them was the Lord of hosts.

He knew their number and he called their  
names

As they were marshal'd in their mythic frames.

Great is our Lord and swift his Word doth  
run

From the uprising to the setting Sun—

He shows to Jacob and Israel may learn

Within the veil the spirit to discern—

See how the Word may yet be spoken loud

By the Shekinah who is in a cloud—

See from the mountain to profoundest hell,

How sheep above and goats below must dwell.

The King's high-way will show the promis'd  
land,

But first they rest upon the border-strand,

And so fulfill the prophet by the sea

Beyond the Jordan into Galilee,

Where they from darkness saw the morning  
light,

The Day-Star greeting from the Serpent night,

Whose regions were the shades of death and  
hell,

Till Sun and saints come out their graves to  
dwell

In the vast dome where light is springing up

To new-light children with the Lord to sup.

Fishers of men too he would make of them

As they went up to New Jerusalem ;

And so the Fishers have vast many caught,

Who saw not how the Kingdom had been  
wrought—

How Nature-worship will with Spirit blend—  
 How God from heaven will his own Sun send,  
 And of his Kingdom there shall be no end—  
 To be propitiation for all sin,  
 When in all fulness, we the Kingdom win,  
 And how Christ's Kingdom in ourselves may be  
 In every aspect of the mystery—  
 The natural first, the spiritual the last  
 In moral aspects of the drama cast.

## XXIV.

The Christian system in its mystic lore  
 So reproduces what had gone before.  
 These things, says Luke, most surely are  
 believ'd

As they are set forth and have been receiv'd ;  
 He then proceeds, in variorum kind,  
 To set forth Jesus and his Kingdom find  
 From those who witness'd to set forth the Word  
 And make the old things with the new accord  
 As minister of those same secret things,  
 The scribe instructed from his treasure brings—  
 Those secret things which unto God belong  
 Above the scope of the wayfaring throng :  
 So Luke will show the pattern from the mount,  
 With some new phases of the old account.

So Canon Wescott on New Testament,  
 Declares the Word with Nature-worship blent  
 In theocratic aspect of her ways  
 That brings in Christ, as Ancient of the days,  
 With mystery in the order of the words  
 Which mythically with the time accords,



And so he finds, the first two hundred years,  
The gospels nebulous among the seers.

So Origen had seen the same as well  
Of Christ in ascent and descent to hell,  
In Cudworth quoted, who the Word supplies  
From allegory of the ancient skies.

In times and seasons as it came to pass  
For the fore runner of the him that was,  
The barren woman does conceive again  
And bears John Baptist from the wintry main,  
And so prepares again the Lord's highway  
As Wisdom ushers in the God of day,  
And this Sun-Jesus is reveal'd to those  
Who from new raiment cast the old year's  
clothes.

No man must sew the new cloth to the old,  
But the old frame may outline each new fold—  
The new so woven from the top throughout,  
Is mystic garment of the Sun about.

The winding Serpent has the old skin shed,  
And all of Nature rises from the dead.  
The Sun as first fruits with his saints shall rise  
To fill the mansions of the new-born skies.  
The same old woman Elizabeth must be  
Five months in secret of the mystery.  
Her Son shall then be great to help the Lord  
From those lean signs of the dramatic Word  
Where neither strong drink nor the kingdom's  
wine

Can grace the table of the basement sign,  
But from his mother's womb, the Holy Ghost  
Shall fill him strongly to lead up the host,

And some of Jacob's children he shall turn  
 Towards the Lord God as the signs shall burn  
 As ministers of flaming fire, so they  
 Shall move in Wisdom with the Lord of Day  
 In spirit of Elias— so shall John  
 Precede the Godhead on the sapphire stone—  
 Turn the dark ones to Wisdom of the just,  
 And bring forth light from Serpent's root ac-  
     curst,  
 And make a people ready for the Lord  
 Who comes with clouds and with his gleaming  
     sword.

So Samson Sun-God in his lesser sign  
 Must be a Nazarite and drink no wine,  
 Nor any razor must come on his head,  
 But in his strong locks he shall be the dread  
 Of the Philistines, and shall lay them prone  
 When he shall smite them with the ass's bone.

So Gabriel "strength of God" in mythic  
     ways

Is angel of the Sun in glowing rays,  
 Who in the presence of the Lord must stand  
 Annunciator from the promis'd land,  
 To give glad tidings of the coming Sun  
 As spake the Prophets since the world begun.

But as a dumb sign the old man must be  
 Till comes the season of the Jubilee,  
 Then he may speak again as in the role  
 Of ancient drama of the mystic scroll—  
 The old man thus put off, the new put on  
 He shines resplendent on the Sapphire stone.

His name in Sign is "Memory of the Lord;"  
 Or "Male of Lord" within the bi-sex Word,  
 Or "Jah remembers," and he will not fail  
 To meet the coming of the Lord all hail ;  
 But in God's temple he will tarry long,  
 Nor speak the secrets which to God belong  
 As seen in vision of the temple high  
 Whose cloudy canopy so vails the sky.

So in this wise Elizabeth conceives,  
 And hides herself five months among the leaves  
 Of that same Tree which of her fruit would  
 yield

From that same seed the husband sows in field ;  
 The leaves for healing of the nations so  
 As in the seven, five, or twelve, we go,  
 For as the Spirit listeth, so the Tree  
 Is variorum in the mystery,  
 And Jesus first-fruit of the branches high  
 Could fill twelve baskets of the Kingdom nigh.

The Woman's leaven in three measures given,  
 Has secret aspects of the Word from heaven.  
 See Dr. Inman, and if he is mum,  
 You lack the factors to make up the sum.

The angel Gabriel as he comes from heaven  
 Has "strength of God" as in his sign 'tis given,  
 And moving upward to high Galilee,  
 He notes the Virgin rising from the sea,  
 Who was espous'd to *Joseph* in the name  
 When he was angel of the ardent flame  
 In sign of *Taurus*, who from Egypt led  
 The hosts of Jacob by his strength of head,

And push'd the people to the ends of earth  
As firstling bullock of the Day-spring birth.

The Burning Bush in dim religious light,  
Will grow in stature of the day and night,  
And the Shekinah who is in the cloud  
Will blow the trump of God exceeding loud.

The Virgin Mary, whose name Miriam,  
Is in the drama of the great "I am,"  
And highly favor'd is she of the Lord,  
So well she dove-tails to the living Word,  
And in due season will bring forth a son  
Whose name is *Jesus* and the Holy One,  
The Son of Highest and the greatest man  
As sung by poets since the world began—  
Is altogether lovely and the chief  
Of the ten thousand who must come to grief.  
His father David's throne he'll occupy  
As he swings round the circle of the sky,  
And o'er the house of Jacob ever reign  
From top-most mountain to the lowest plain,  
And of his kingdom there shall be no end,  
So well the skydom and the earth shall blend.

In *name* of *Jesus* so the Sun shall stand  
On mountain Gibeon with Moon at hand  
In vale of Ajalon until he smite  
His enemies, or all the hosts of night.  
His mother is the Bride who must appear  
To put in daily or with circling year,  
Cloth'd with the Sun, in bright apparel seen,  
Or in all colors of the go-between.  
Her Son is *Jesus* who is so reveal'd—  
The Sun of heaven who the nations heal'd.

And so says one in "Keys of all the Creeds,"  
 The Sun is Saviour and his children feeds,  
 And the same Day-star risen in the soul  
 Blends with the Woman's leaven in the whole.

Familiar Mary, in the solar walk,  
 Could with the day-speech or night-knowledge  
 talk,

And tell the angel she knew not a man  
 Within the mazes of the mythic plan.  
 The angel with the Book of seven seals,  
 Could tell her how the Holy Ghost reveals,  
 And how the Highest of the starry dome  
 Could overshadow in the upper room,  
 And the "what is it" that is born of thee,  
 The Sun of man and Son of God shall be—  
 Be Father, Son and Holy Ghost in one,  
 Born of the Virgin so cloth'd with the Sun.

Behold ! Elizabeth, thy cousin near  
 In her old age of the departing year,  
 Who was call'd barren with her signs in five,  
 Is now conceiving and is so alive  
 That naught with God impossible shall be  
 In Wisdom's way by double rule of three,  
 For she six months has now gone on her way  
 In the preluding to the Star of day.

Behold, said Mary, handmaid of the Lord,  
 Be unto me according to thy Word.

How glorious within her mythic guise,  
 The Dawn—the Bride—the Virgin of the skies,  
 And Mother-earth, as various in name,  
 Blent with the heaven and in both the same—

See Doctor Inman for the changes rung  
On Mary's name as bards have ever sung.

So when the rosy messenger of day  
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,  
Immortal Hebe fresh with bloom divine,  
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine,  
And Judah's daughter in the wine-press red  
Prepares the highway for the Lord to tread—  
Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes, her fruitful love  
Crown'd with the Saviour's birth th' embrace  
of Jove—

At once the Virgin and at once the Bride,  
So fresh in morning and at eventide,  
While the departing angel of the Sun  
Leaves Mary Mystica his race to run—  
The Bridegroom from the chamber in the race  
Of all the Saviours from the secret place.

So Mary rose as damsels in those days,  
Who had been leaven'd in the mythic ways.  
To Juda's city she went up in haste  
And found the Lord was gracious to the taste,  
As was that Tree which midst of Eden stood  
The Woman tasted and pronounced it good.  
Up the hill-country Judah's daughter trod,  
The brilliant Virgin of the glowing God  
Salutes her cousin with the mystic babe—  
Of times and seasons by the astrolabe.

It came to pass the babe leap'd in her womb  
As came the Sun up from his winter's tomb,  
Or as he moves thro' watches of the night  
To golden gates that open to the light—

The King of glory on the sapphire stone  
 Will so appear to loose the Virgin's Zone,  
 And so the Essenes each morning came  
 To greet the Lord who rose in golden flame.

Elizabeth with Holy Ghost was fill'd  
 To speak in Spirit for the letter kill'd,  
 And with her voice she spake exceeding loud  
 Like mighty rushing wind of thunder cloud—  
 Whence this the Mother of my Lord to me,  
 Announcing him who was, and is to be ?  
 For with the salutation of the voice,  
 Not only sons of God, but babes rejoice,  
 And babes and sucklings now perfect the praise  
 Of him who was the Ancient of the days,  
 And the "I am" ere Abram came to time  
 In the old worship of the ways sublime ;  
 So well they know the coming Lord at hand,  
 Whose quick'ning Spirit impregnates the land—  
 The barren woman keeping house on high,  
 Is joyful Mother of the fruitful sky.

So Mary's soul doth magnify the Lord  
 As he comes up in fulness of the Word,  
 Nor less rejoices in her Saviour-God  
 Who in the wine-press with the Virgin trod  
 When his handmaiden was in low estate,  
 And no Redeemer from the bonds of fate  
 Till times and seasons bring the Sun around  
 To quicken Mary on the fallow ground—  
 Cloth'd with the Sun, the Moon beneath her  
 feet,  
 So is the Mother of our Lord complete ;

Then all the generations call her blest,  
 Who is the Mother of our God confest ;  
 For he the mighty God of holy name  
 Will love the Virgin of the glowing flame.

So Esdras, Daniel, and prophetic host  
 Set forth the Father, Sun, and Holy Ghost,  
 Who from his mouth sent forth a blast of fire  
 As he went up into his temple higher—  
 Put down the giants from their seats, so he  
 Exalted them who were of low degree,  
 And fill'd the hungry with good things each  
 day,

But Mammon's children empty sent away—  
 His servant Jacob he will not forget,  
 But out of Egypt he will call him yet.

There is another deep from which to fill  
 The Godhead bodily and his wine distil—  
 See Dr. Inman and Free Masons who  
 Break up the fallow ground the Lord to do,  
 And so the "Keys of all the Creeds" will show  
 God in his temple, Satan down below.

Now when full time had come, so John was  
 born—

The God of Jacob raising up a horn  
 Of our salvation in the ancient way—  
 John, Water-bearer, for the Lord of day—  
 He goes before and in the firstling sign,  
 Prepares the highway for the Lord divine,  
 Whose horn of plenty brings the corn and  
 wine.

So John baptizes with the early shower  
 That so the Sun shall give the kingdom's dower



From seven baskets or from twelve, so he  
 Comes in full measure of the mystery  
 To feed the hungry by his sign, the Ram,  
 In all the fulness of the great "I am."

So God has spoken by his prophets well  
 Thro' all the signs in heaven and in hell,  
 That from our enemies we should be sav'd  
 As speaks the Word upon the sky engrav'd;  
 For, by sky-poetry the gospel Muse  
 Walks the same highway in the ancient shoes  
 That wax not old, but shine upon the feet  
 When gospel-shod, the scribes the Saviour  
 greet.

His holy covenant he does perform  
 In various wonders as the Sun and storm—  
 Comes in the clouds and blows his trumpet  
 strong

To wake the dead that they may go along  
 The King's highway, and so be with the Lord  
 In ev'ry aspect of the living Word,  
 As oft as Gabriel blows his tooting horn  
 Of Virgin Mary's young child to be born,  
 Nor will his oath forget, by which he sware  
 To father Abram 'gainst the Prince of air,  
 That from the Dragon of the circling year,  
 We be delivered nor have any fear  
 And trembling weak knees lest the plenteous  
 horn

Should not be filled up from the Day-spring  
 morn,

For thou child-prophet of the Highest can  
 Before the Lord's face lead up heaven's van,

And thus prepare the circumspective ways  
Of him who is the Ancient of the days.

So art thou Seer before his face to go  
Up highest heaven and to shades below—  
The highway prophet that his ways prepare  
From Satan's kingdom as the signs declare.

So the Redeemer and the Holy One  
Who has his tabernacle in the Sun,  
Redeems his people and the world will save  
From death and hell as he comes out his grave.  
Such knowledge of salvation does he give  
As those with ears to hear may hear and live,  
And see the sins remitted from old score  
By him whose fan will fully purge the floor—  
See how the tender mercy of our God—  
The God of Jacob from his blest abode,  
Shall visit us the Day-spring from on high  
In brilliant raiment of the kingdom nigh,  
Of many colors too like Joseph's coat  
Where ancient Day-spring with God's finger  
wrote.

So Jacob's Ladder which reach'd up to  
heaven,  
Had God at top whereby the Word was given  
By angels going up and coming down  
As in the day-speech and night-knowledge  
shown.

And thus by disposition of the angels, so  
We see the whereunto the thing will grow.

So John in growing light announces him  
Who comes with clouds and all the cherubim,

Four-footed beasts and ev'ry creeping thing  
 The full Word from the vasty deep shall bring  
 To lighten them who in the darkness sat  
 Down in the valley of Jehosaphat,  
 And in death's shadow, night, with none to  
 guide—

No Bridegroom from his chamber nor the Bride  
 With the glad tidings and on earth the peace  
 Whereby the Day-spring gives the land  
 release—

Still need of Sun and Moon and candles so  
 In the dark valley of the shades below.

But the child grew, in Spirit waxing strong  
 In secret things which to our God belong—  
 Was in the deserts till the proper day  
 Should show how Jacob had the Word to say.  
 Then beautiful the feet on mountains high  
 Of him who brings glad tidings from the sky,  
 And by the signs will thus salvation show  
 That thy God reigneth, up from shades below—  
 The newly up before all other Gods  
 Put in appearance from the dark abodes.

But first the Virgin, daughter of the Dawn,  
 Must with the Day-spring usher in the morn,  
 Still growing with the young child to be born.

So Mother Goose in all her ancient ways  
 Brings forth the young child Ancient of the  
 days.

The babes and sucklings love the wondrous tale,  
 And sing hosannah to the Child all hail !  
 They love the letter more than spirit, for  
 The Word so child-like in the ancient lore

Is on the child-plane they can understand  
 With substance for the things hop'd for at  
 hand.

Unless they have faith as a little child,  
 They have a hard road thro' the deserts wild  
 And antres vast with men whose heads do grow  
 Beyond the mountain peaks most capp'd with  
 snow,

Whose heads touch heaven in scientific wise  
 Where all is soulless and no living skies.  
 Alas! poor children, with such icy fare,  
 Prefer to dwell with the warm Prince of air  
 Where the earth melts with fervent heat, and  
 they,

The Sun and Moon and all the stars obey.  
 They would to God to die before the Lord  
 Ere they be let up from the nursery-Word  
 As 'tis in Egypt where they suck and eat  
 The old time rations of the kingdom's meat.  
 They love the angels who rise from the sea  
 And make the Devil, that old Serpent flee,  
 But if they laugh at hairless prophet, then  
 The two she-bears will tear them four times ten.

And so the legends to the children told,  
 Are parabolic of dark sayings old,  
 And John will baptize many nations when  
 The wet Orion is the King of men.

So mythic Mary being great with child,  
 Still moving upward from the desert wild—  
 Her days accomplish'd on the mythic sky  
 By the unfolding of the kingdom nigh,

She now brings him to light her first-born Sun,  
 Ancient of days and Jacob's Holy One,  
 Born King of Jews—his name to Gentiles send,  
 For of his kingdom there shall be no end.  
 The Kings shall shut their mouths at sight of him  
 Who is the Lamb to lead the cherubim  
 From Alpha to Omega in the O  
 Of the same ring Melchisedec did go.

She wraps him in the swaddling clothes of  
 morn,  
 And in a manger lays the young child born,  
 Because no longer in the darksome way  
 Could he remain who is the Lord of day,  
 But in the manger of the old disguise  
 Was milk for babes from fructifying skies—  
 The Virgin's milk of the prelude sign  
 Before the kingdom of the corn and wine.

The Sun in Asses or the Crab will slide  
 Both ways to measure ev'ry time and tide—  
 No room for him in chambers of the night,  
 The Bridegroom present as the Lord of light.  
 Not now is Christ in secret chambers where  
 Long had been domicil'd the Prince of air,  
 But country shepherds watching in the field,  
 Saw his first glory thro' the gates unseal'd,  
 For as the Sun shines from the east to west,  
 So is the Sun of man the Saviour blest—  
 Each is the other in the double Word  
 To those who follow on to know the Lord,  
 And lo the angel of the Lord will shine  
 In all the glory of his face divine ;

And so the Essenes each morning rose  
To greet the "young child" laid in swaddling  
clothes.

So from the manger where he had been laid  
The Shepherds saw him and were sore afraid,  
But soon the angel bid them not to fear  
The moving Sun-God who led up the year ;  
For so the angel does good tidings bring,  
Each morning coming and leads up the Spring,  
And thus he makes all people to rejoice  
With sons of God and morning stars in voice,  
For now a Saviour, Christ, the Lord is born,  
Who in his swaddling clothes is seen each morn  
Where mist and cloud oft wrap the Child of  
peace

In all the foldings of the Golden Fleece,  
Where with the Lamb in bright apparel shines,  
Transfigur'd in the glory of the signs.

So in his cradle you may see him lay  
Who rises sudden as the lord of day—  
The Serpent's head he bruises with his heel  
And in the mythus does God's word reveal—  
The Serpent done for in Herculean-wise,  
The Lord of glory lightens all the skies,  
And all the heavenly host ring out in joy  
To see the "young child" and the growing  
Boy—

Glory to God on high, and on the earth  
Good will and peace from such a Day-spring  
birth.

Now as the angels leave the gates of day,  
It came to pass when they had gone away

And into heaven—this the last of them,  
 The shepherds made tracks into Bethlehem  
 To see this thing which now had come to pass  
 Of him who is to come, and is, and was,  
 And by the Lord to us is so made known  
 When angels banish from the brazen zone,  
 And as the Brazen Serpent, so the Lord  
 Be lifted up in aspect of the Word.

With haste the shepherds came to see the  
 Lamb

Who in dark sayings was the old "I am,"  
 In sign of *Aries* where the babe they found  
 Within the manger of the verge around  
 Where fed those beasts which came up from  
 the sea,

In all the aspects of their pedigree  
 From Mary, Joseph, in the olden wise  
 That brought the Saviour from the living skies.

The initiated knew the Lamb was born ;  
 The Sun in *Aries* of the golden morn.  
 Abroad the saying was so told to them  
 Of this "young child" so born in Bethlehem,  
 That they who heard would wonder at these  
 things

The scribe instructed from his treasure brings.

So mythic Mary pondered in her heart  
 And kept these things from the "without"  
 apart—

Not well to give the Virgin's milk to those  
 Who have not eyes to see beyond the nose,  
 Nor even savor things that be of God  
 Along the pasture-land the shepherds trod,

Who praised the Lord for all these things divine  
In parabolic Wisdom of the sign.

As told to them, so did they glorify  
The Sun in mythic-wisdom of the sky.  
His name was JESUS and would shine as JAH  
Who rode in heaven as the brilliant Star,  
Named by the angel of the upper room  
Before he was conceiv'd in Mary's womb.

The circumcision of the child will be  
In the due order of the mystery—  
The phallic rite of angel in the Sun,  
In that arcana of the Holy One  
Where Sun and phallus do so represent  
On earth the kingdom as with heaven blent.

The woman was not equal in the Word  
But ev'ry male was holy to the Lord.  
This partial Godhead is to her unfair—  
Has ever been, nor now is on the square,  
Nor Christians now advance beyond the Jew  
To give the woman what is justly due.

Behold, the man now in Jerusalem  
Whose name of Simeon is sign to them  
Who in the drama of the secret role  
Must ride the Ass nor less the Ass's foal—  
The same a just man and no less devout  
To move in circuit of the throne about,  
Now waits for consolation till the time  
The Holy Ghost reveals the Sun sublime  
With those sweet odors from the balmy south  
Like angels' holy kisses on the mouth,  
For from the New Jerusalem above  
It was reveal'd by Holy Ghost or Dove,



The mystic emblem and of swiftest wing  
 To bear the message of the heavenly King,  
 That Simeon should not see death before  
 He saw the Lord's Christ thro' the open door  
 In heaven, whence the Word would be reveal'd  
 From that same Book writ on both sides and  
 seal'd

With seven seals along the King's highway—  
 Who could unseal them, saw the Lord of day.

So he by Spirit to the temple came,  
 And saw the mythic Child of fitting name,  
 The Saviour of the nations who should save  
 In light from darkness and the Serpent's grave;  
 No other under heaven that whereby  
 Men could be saved as written on the sky,  
 And in the heart to know the kingdom nigh—  
 No name in heaven could there be so well  
 For the ascension and descent to hell.

Sim took him up, by whom the worlds are made,  
 And blessing God by the arcana said,  
 Now let thy servant, Lord, depart in peace—  
 According to thy Word be the release,  
 For thy salvation sure my eyes have seen  
 In all the glory born of heaven's Queen,  
 Transparent too, before all people's face,  
 The Bridegroom coming forth to run his race,  
 If not thro' ivory, but transparent horn  
 Our eyes see him who is the "young child"  
 born,

And shall so lighten from the east as he  
 The Son of God and Son of man shall be

To lighten Gentiles from his new-born glory  
As in all aspects of the ancient story.

The mythic persons marvel at these things  
Of old and new which thus the kingdom brings,  
And in his aspect they would speak of him  
Who is the Ruler with the cherubim,  
The first fruits of them who have slept below  
Where Satan's seat is as arcana show.

The Child is set to fall and rise again  
And for a sign o'er earth to farthest main.  
His Mother Mary, or the Virgin-Dawn  
Pierc'd by the sword will swoon away each  
morn—

The Sun's sharp sword each piercing ray sup-  
plies

Dividing joints and marrow of the skies  
That hearts of many may be thus reveal'd  
By the sure Word in mythic seven seal'd,  
And she who sat on many waters can  
Rise with the Virgin and the Sun of man.

There was one Anna and her age was great—  
*Anna Perenna* of the ancient date—  
The old and new beginning of the year,  
And Dido's sister in Phœnician gear—  
Nor less her husband was the ancient man  
Who sow'd his seed according to the plan  
That all should seek, and they should find who  
can

In the three measures of the Woman's leaven  
Which, with addition of the secret seven,  
Was once a by-way to the kingdom's heaven.

He, seven years from her virginity  
 With her continued in the mystery.  
 She now a Widow in the change of score—  
 In Babylonish cycle eighty-four—  
 And was in Israel by Jacob's rule  
 To hide the Word from the wayfaring fool.  
 She in those seasons when she did not bear,  
 Was seal'd the barren of the circling year,  
 And in her signs was Widow and forlorn  
 To wait the "young child" of the Day-spring  
     born—

Still in the temple serving night and day,  
 And in her seasons did she fast and pray  
 In harmony with Tyndall's prayer-gauge  
 While keeping tally on the kingdom's page,  
 And coming in so at the nick of time,  
 Gave thanks likewise unto the Lord sublime,  
 And spake of him who is the Sun in love  
 And the Redeemer to the realms above.

So grew the Child in spirit waxing strong  
 In all the measures which to God belong—  
 All Natures Sun-child as he came to time  
 In bright apparel of the Lord sublime.

Now twelve years old or thro' twelve signs  
     had run  
 From Alpha to Omega, and begun  
 Anew the Day-spring, coming from on high  
 With feast of passover in kingdom nigh,  
 And when his parents had fulfill'd the days  
 Of the "I am" in all the ancient ways,  
 So the Child tarries, nor his parents know  
 What the new Sun in wisdom can bestow,

And seem to miss each other on the track  
 In going forward and in coming back,  
 As if the winding Serpent had been there  
 To work in Wisdom as the Prince of air ;  
 But harmless as the Dove, the Brazen Snake  
 Performs his wonders for the good Lord's sake.

So they of old knew not what had become  
 Of Moses, lodging in the upper room,  
 Or up high mountain where he saw the God  
 In all the pattern of his high abode.  
 They wanted other Gods to go before  
 To lead the children to fair Canaan's shore,  
 And deemed the Calf was better than the Lamb  
 To lead o'er Jordan to the great "I am,"  
 Whose way was from the East as Son of man  
 Thro' all the mazes of the ancient plan.

But after *three* days it will come to pass  
 That the precocious Child who is and was,  
 Will be in temple of the Doctors found,  
 And in the midst will some hard things pro-  
 pound,

And all that hear him be astonish'd much,  
 His understanding and his answers such  
 If they had ears to hear the living Word  
 In all the fullness of the Sun ador'd.  
 Nor less his parents too were much amaz'd  
 That from the young Child so much glory  
 blaz'd,

But when they knew the truth, the truth made  
 free  
 The sons of God in glorious liberty.

When sorrowing they sought, he made reply,  
 The Sun must do the Father's work on high,  
 Nor could they understand the Word so wise  
 As written with God's finger on the skies—  
 Dark sayings of the old, nor less the new  
 In changing aspects of the kingdom's view.

All these sky-pictures of the mythic way  
 Are in all stories of the Lord of day,  
 In ev'ry aspect of kaleidoscope,  
 And multifarious of the Christ in trope—  
 So if our Anna be the maiden year,  
 She in her times and seasons will appear.  
 The weeping Mother may be heaven's Queen  
 In fitting aspect of old legends seen,  
 Baptizing earth as oft her tears are shed,  
 Refreshing Nature when she seems most dead,  
 And feeds her children from her tender breast  
 Till they shall rise up and shall call her blest.

So Moses sang the precious of the Moon,  
 As she walk'd heaven in her chemiloon  
 Of clean sweet linen of so pure a white  
 As if her raiment was the very light,  
 And Job could scarce forbear to kiss his hand  
 To Queen of heaven on the Holy Land,  
 Who may be Bride within the Virgin seven  
 To walk with God o'er all the plains of heaven,  
 The mythic person having change of name  
 To be God's Mother or his Wife the same.

Jesus in wisdom and in stature grown  
 Must have his seat upon the great white throne,  
 Must judge the twelve signs and his brethren be  
 In ev'ry aspect of the Word made free

To fish for men by One or Trinity  
 In sextile, square and opposite and trine,  
 In all the fullness of God's Word divine.

The Jesus, flesh and blood, we don't deny,  
 Tho' one his story of the mythic sky—  
 An open question it must yet remain  
 Of him who was from the foundation slain.

If not historic, none the less may he  
 Be the ideal of the mystery—  
 Be Christ the Spirit of the upper brain  
 And the Redeemer of the lower plane—  
 Be the Messiah in the soul to save  
 As we live upward from the fleshly grave  
 To the ideal Jesus near at hand,  
 Who is the Saviour on the Holy Land—  
 Lord of the sacred heart—no less at home  
 In all the fullness of the starry dome—  
 Be thus on earth as it may be in heaven,  
 The Sun of righteousness with Virgin-leaven,  
 But flesh or soul, there is full liberty  
 To seek all truth wherewith the Christ makes  
 free.

Why stand ye gazing at the mythic sky  
 For this same Jesus taken up on high,  
 Who shall so come in the like manner as  
 Ye sure have seen him go who is, and was,  
 And the "I am" in Ancient of the days  
 Of God so moving in mysterious ways.

So was the Teacher in esoteric wise  
 To blend earth's kingdom with the mythic  
 skies,

Who was the Saviour or the Essenè  
Of old and new things in the mystery.

An Essenè must speak in Spirit so  
As not his pearls before the swine to throw,  
But speak in double of the mystic Word  
To be God's Sun, and Son of man, and Lord.

So Jesus, *Saviour* from the older plane  
To make a new world from the old again  
Is thus a person of the drama cast,  
Who is the first, the middle, and the last—  
A Radical so full of strength and love  
To seek and find the Wisdom from above—  
A brave Come-outer with the truth to tell  
To save the people from the lower hell—  
By searching heaven find the open door  
Through which to preach the gospel to the  
poor—

To free the captive, broken-hearted heal  
In all the ways the heavens could reveal—  
To open eyes which had so long been blind,  
Nor could blind leaders open vision find,  
Nor knew to preach in fullness of the Word  
The year acceptable of heaven's Lord,  
Nor how to gauge the mediumistic power  
Of one so gifted with the heavenly dower.

The twelve are with him and the mystic train  
May link in Wisdom with the Zodiac chain,  
And seven devils out of *Mary* cast  
May be when *Anna* much will pray and fast—  
By prayer and fasting could this kind be  
driven

Through gates ajar of seven seals in heaven.

Whatever way the Word be understood  
 The children of the Highest must do good—  
 So seeking light may walk the starry plane  
 With him who was and is to be again,  
 The Sun or Lord, thro' every living sign  
 To speak from heaven with the voice divine.  
 Walk with the Highest and in such a wise  
 As surely leads you to the upper skies,  
 And so all things be added unto you,  
 Till ye be called the Faithful and the True,  
 And thus on Jacob's Ladder going up  
 Till in the kingdom of the Lord ye sup.

But take ye heed what way the Word ye  
 hear,

Whether of person or of circling year  
 Which is so blended in the mythic way  
 Of kingdom coming with the Lord of day,  
 Now with the clouds—now with the trump of  
 God

With the archangel on the cloudy road,  
 Ye see him now who was, and is, and not,  
 And now you don't, who was of God begot—  
 The very Son and very Lord or God ;  
 Born of the Virgin on the solar road,  
 So was he in all Wisdom of the wise  
 Illuminator of the living skies—  
 The Godhead bodily all things he fills—  
 Life-giving Spirit where the letter kills.

The twelve are with him as day utters speech  
 And night shows knowledge of the way to  
 teach



On earth as in the heaven, so the Sun  
Is Jesus, Saviour, and the Holy One,  
And chiefest of ten thousand of the host  
In light of Father, Sun, and Holy Ghost.

So in the day the Son of man revealed—  
So in night's kingdom does he come conceal'd,  
Or as a thief in night comes at an hour  
Ye think not of, but none the less with power,  
So with the holy angels in their might  
That what was faith is now reveal'd to sight,  
To see God's kingdom in the holy wise  
Or Word in aspect of the living skies.

None of these things disciples understood,  
For o'er their eyes the cloud of Moses stood  
To hide from them, for not yet could they bear  
The many things the Teacher could declare—  
Not yet admitted to the high degree,  
Thro' a glass darkly would disciples see.  
The vail remains and they are in the shade  
Of how the secret things of God were made,  
And the Shekinah still is in the cloud,  
Nor speaks the Wisdom to the foolish crowd.

So was God's wisdom by the ancients taught  
Of heaven, earth, and hell in mysteries wrought,  
And teachers of God's word so hid the key,  
But few had ears to hear or eyes to see :  
Yet from behind the cloudy canopy  
Moves he who was, and is, and is to be—  
Puts in appearance from behind that bourne  
From whence 'tis said no trav'ler can return ;  
But this is a mistake—the unflesh'd soul  
May come and go within the ancient role

As in the new, and this is prov'd beyond  
All cavil, that, from out the vast profound  
Souls can appear, and so make known that they  
Were once incarnate in the human clay,  
If the conditions be in such a wise  
As links the earth-means with the spirit-skies,  
And immortality be thus made plain  
That from the dead we all shall rise again.















